

A
COLLECTION
OF
P S A L M
AND
H Y M N

Extracted from various Authors

AND PUBLISHED

By the Reverend Mr. M A

THE THIRTEENTH EDITION

*Let the Word of CHRIST dwell in you richly in
Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one
another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs,
with Grace in your Hearts to the
Col. iii. 16.*

*Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns,
Spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in
your Hearts to the LORD. Eph. v. 19.*

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P R E F A C E.

IT is a true Observation I have somewhere met with, that there is no Part of divine Worship in which we more resemble the Saints in Light, than when we are singing the Praises of our God. As this is so delightful an Exercise to all truly serious Persons, I cannot but think that every Attempt to render it as edifying as possible, will be acceptable.

The Psalmist says, Ps. xlvii. 7. "Sing ye Praises with Understanding." But this cannot be done where the Song aboundeth with Phrases, either abstruse in themselves, or beyond the Capacities of the Generality.

Again, it must be allowed that there are Matters of private Judgment and mere Opinion, concerning which it is far better to think and let think, than to dispute; these should not appear, if by any Means they can be avoided, in a Book, chiefly designed for Social Worship: for we cannot join as we ought in, "Teaching and Admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs." if they are mix'd with any Subject-matter for Difference and Disputation.

Neither can any Plan for this, or indeed for any Part of Worship be right, that is not laid upon the true Foundation, for all the Praise that shall ascend unto our God, now and for ever, even CHRIST JESUS THE RIGHTEOUS. In this Respect we must say, "Other Foundation can no Man lay, than that is laid, which is JESUS CHRIST," 1 Cor. iii. 11. Hence it is, that the Psalms of David are so transcendently delightful; they are full of CHRIST. David tells us Ps. xlv. 1. His Tongue was the Pen of a ready Writer, because he spoke of the Things he made touching the King. And our Hymns, as well as our Prayers and Sermons, if not made touching this everlasting KING, are no better than Nadab and Abihu's strange Fire, an Abomination to the LORD. "Whatsoever ye do in Word or Deed, do all in the Name of the LORD JESUS, giving Thanks to GOD and the Father by Him." Col. iii. 17.

First then, I have endeavored to select such Hymns as may be most Useful for Edification, in respect of Plainness and Simplicity of Expression. Not but too many will think I have not succeeded in this Point, and that there are Expressions, here and there, as abstruse as if they were written in Arabic. But let these Readers turn to 1 Cor. ii. 14. and there they will

will find the true Reason why they do not understand them, namely. because they are the very words of that divine Book which was given by the Inspiration of the Spirit of GOD. In order to guide such, I have put Marginal References where I thought needful, to keep them, if happily they may be kept from despising the Works of God himself, and ignorantly fall into the grievous Sin of ridiculing the Scriptures. But these may be also useful for others, and if rightly attended to, will point out many very edifying Paraphrases, in various Parts of this Book, upon the sacred Text.

2dly, I have endeavoured to avoid inserting any thing that could tend to doubtful Disputations ; therefore have contrived, as far as possible, in collecting this little Volume, to lay aside all those Notions about Non-essentials, concerning which, the best People have and do differ, that with one Heart, as well as one Voice, all Christians may join in the Praises of our common LORD : —I say all Christians ; for Fundamentals there are which we must insist upon, and which, if any Man do not maintain and believe, we cannot allow him to be a Christian.

Therefore the Deist, must not be surprized to find, the Dignity of fallen Man, together
with

with the moral Rectitude of His Nature, the Sufficiency of Reason, and the Light of Nature, and every other Article and Circumstance of the Infidel Creed utterly expunged.

The Arian will be much disappointed if he expects to find any thing herein, that in the least countenances the Nonsense as well as the Blasphemy of a created or derivative God, or one Sentiment that tends to eclipse the glorious Beams of the SELF-EXISTENT SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The Socinian and Mahometan must renounce their * Koran, before they will be able to look upon the Great Prophet, JESUS of NAZARETH, as IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US; a Truth that lies at the Root of Christianity, consequently is taught throughout this Book.

As for Papists, either, professed or doctrinal, they will find nothing about the Merit of Works either before or after Justification; but the whole of the Salvation of Sinners is ascribed to the Atonement and

* *Koran*, from the Arabic, *Karna* to read, signifies a *Book*. The *Koran* is that *Book* which the Followers of *Mahomet* look upon as their *Bible*; which corresponds with the *Socinian Writers* in allowing JESUS to be a *Prophet*, and no more.

Merit.

Merit of the Blood and Righteousness of **JEHOVAH** in our Nature. imputed through Grace, and applied by Faith, to the Sinner's Heart and Conscience, justifying his Person, and renewing and sanctifying his Nature, thro' the Operation of the **HOLY SPIRIT**, of which he is thereby made a Partaker.

Hence the Antinomian must expect but little Contentment in perusing the following Hymns, for they maintain, that without Holiness, (personal Holiness) wrought in the Soul of a Believer, by the **SPIRIT OF GOD**, delivering him from the * Dominion, and from the † Love of all Sin, (whether inward or outward) no man shall see the **LORD**.

Nor will the mere Formalist, whatever outward Profession he makes, whether Churchman or Dissenter, have much Taste for these Songs of Zion ; for they maintain that—

No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leprosy lies deep within.

3dly, As due Care is taken to make the Matter of these Hymns as Scriptural as possible, so thou wilt find, gentle Reader, (and mayst thou find its Power and Sweetness in thy Soul) that **JESUS** the Great High Priest and blessed Apostle of our Profession, is the

* Rom. vi. 14. † Rom. vii. 22.

grand Subject (either mediately or immediately) of every Song, as he doubtless is of the whole Revelation of God—"The Testimony of JESUS is the Spirit of Prophecy." Rev. xix. 10. "He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; none can come to the Father but by Him," John xiv. 6. "CHRIST is all and in all." Col. iii. 11. "He is the ALPHA and OMEGA, the FIRST and LAST; the BEGINNING and END," Rev. i. 8.—xxi. 6. He therefore, in the Unity of the Eternal GODHEAD, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit, three divine Persons in one Self-existing JEHOVAH, is the GOD of the Christians. To this glorious LORD GOD of Heaven and Earth, may we be enabled to sing Praises with Understanding! and to the Harmony of our Voices, add that of our Hearts and Lives! May we maintain a happy Concord with the Word and Will of CHRIST JESUS; until we meet before the Throne of GOD and the LAMB, and with an innumerable Company of just Men made perfect, shout forth the never ending Praises of Him who was dead, and is alive again, and hath Redeemed us unto GOD by his Blood. So be it, LORD JESUS, Amen, and Amen.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

HYMN I.

INVITATION.

Isaiah lv. Ver. 1, &c.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
(Tis GOD invites a fallen Race)
Mercy and free Salvation buy,
Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel-Grace.
Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Word,
Return, ye weary Wand'ers home,
And taste the Goodness of the LORD.

B

See, from the Rock a Fountain rise !
 For you in healing Streams it rolls ;
 Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
 Ye lab'ring, burthen'd Sin-sick Souls.
 Nothing ye in Exchange shall give ;
 Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
 Frankly the Gift of GOD receive,
 Pardon, and Peace, in JESUS find.

H Y M N II.

V E N I C R E A T O R.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,*
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
 In these cold Hearts of ours.
 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly Toys ;
 Our Souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal Joys !
 In vain we tune our formal Songs ;
 In vain we strive to rise !
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
 And our Devotion dies.
 Dear LORD ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying Rate ;
 Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great ?

* Matt. iii. 16.

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs:
 Come shed abroad a SAVIOUR'S Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N III.

Pfalm li. 10.

O For an Heart to praise my God !
 An Heart from Guile set free,
 An Heart that's sprinkled with the Blood*
 So freely spilt for me !

An Heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's Throne,
 Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,†
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,
 Believing, true, and clean, §
 Which neither Life, nor Death, can part
 From him who dwells within. ||

An Heart in ev'ry Thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with Love divine,
 ‡ Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,**
 A Copy, LORD, of Thine.

* Heb. x. 22. Pet. i. 2. † Job xxii. 22.

§ Pf. lxxiii. 1. || 2 Cor. xiii. 5. ‡ Pf. ci. 2.

** Luke viii. 15

Thy Nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above,*
 Write thy new Name upon my Heart,
 Thy new, best Name of Love.

H Y M N IV.

God glorious, and Sinners saved.

FATHER, how wide thy Glory shines ;
 How high thy Wonders rise !
 Known thro' the Earth by thousand Signs ;
 By thousand thro' the Skies.

Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r,
 Their Motions speak thy Skill ;
 And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour
 We read thy Patience still.

But when we view thy great Design
 To save rebellious Worms ;
 Where Vengeance and Compassion join
 In their divinest Forms :

Here the whole DEITY is known,
 Nor dares a Creature guess,
 Which of the Glories brighter shone,
 The Justice or the Grace.

Now the full Glories of the LAMB
 Adorn the heav'nly Plains,

* Rev. ii. 17.

[5]

Bright Seraphs learn IMMANUEL'S NAME,
And try their choicest Strains.

O. may I bear some humble Part
In that immortal Song,
Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

H Y M N V

Psalm lxxxix. 14, 15, 16, 17.

O What shall I do, my SAVIOUR to praise;
So fit ihfu and true, so plenteous in Grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest Believer, that hangs upon him!
How happy the Man whose Heart is set free,
The People that can be joyful in Thee!
Their Joy is to walk in the Light of thy Face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's Grace.
Their daily Delight shall be in thy Name,
They shall, as their Right, thy Righteousness
(claim :
Thy Righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
(thy Blood,
Bold shall they appear in the Presence of God.
For thou art their Boast, their Glory and
(How'r,
And they also trust to see the glad Hour,

Their Soul's new Creation, a Life from the
 (Dead,
 The Day of Salvation, that lifts up their Head.
 Yea, LORD, they shall see the Blifs of thine
 (own,
 Thy Secret to them shall soon be made known :
 For Sorrow and Sadness, they Joy shall receive,
 And share in the Gladness of all that Believe.

H Y M N VI.

I N V I T A T I O N .*

SINNERS, obey the Gospel-Word,
 Haste to the Supper of your LORD,
 Be wise to know your gracious Day,
 All Things are ready, come away !

Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late returning Son ; §
 Ready the loving SAVIOUR stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
 Just now the stony Heart to move ; ||
 'T' apply and witness with the Blood,
 And wash and seal you Sons of GOD.†

Ready for you the Angels wait,‡
 To triumph in your blest Estate :

* Luke xiv. 16. § Luke xv. 20. || Ez. xi. 19.

† 2 Cor. i. 22. ‡ Luke xv. 7.

Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

Come, then ye Sinners to your LORD,
To Happiness in CHRIST restor'd ;
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of Gospel-Grace.

H Y M N VII.

Rev. iv. 11, and v. 12. 12.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the LAMB, our Hearts reply,
For he was slain for us !

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine ;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him who sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

HYMN VIII.

Nativity of CHRIST.

HARK the Herald-Angels sing,
 Glory to the new born King;
 Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
 God and inners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
 Join the Triumphs of the Skies;
 With th' angelic Host proclaim,

"CHRIST is born in *Bethlehem*!"†

CHRIST by highest Heav'n ador'd,

CHRIST the everlasting Lord;

Late in Time behold him come,

Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,

Hail th' incarnate Deity!

Pleas'd as Man with Men to appear,

JESUS our IMMANUEL here §

Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

Light and Life to all he brings,

Ris'n with Healing in his Wings!

Mild he lays his Glory by,

Born that Men no more may die;

Born to raise the Sons of Earth;

Born to give them second Birth.

† Luke ii. 10, 11. § Is. vii. 14. || Luke ii. 10.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble Home :
 Rise the Woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine Image in its Place ;
 Second *Adam* from above,
 Re-instate us in thy Love.

H Y M N IX.

Phil. iv. 4.

REJOICE, the LORD is King ;
 Your LORD and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,

And triumph evermore :

Lift up your hearts, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
 The GOD of Truth and Love ;
 When he had purg'd our Stains,
 He took his Seat above ;
 Lift up, &c.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n :
 The Keys of Death and Hell *
 Are to our JESUS giv'n ;
 Lift up, &c.

* Rev. i. 18.

[DO]

He sits at God's Right Hand,

'Till all his Foes submit,

And bow at his Command,

And fall beneath his Feet :

Lift up, &c.

He all his Foes shall quell,

Shall all our Sins † destroy,

And every Bosom swell

With pure seraphic Joy :

Lift up, &c.

Rejoice in glorious Hope,

JESUS the Judge shall come,

And take his Servants up.

To their Eternal Home :

We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice,*

The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

H Y M N X.

The poor Sinner.

GOD of my Salvation, hear,

And help me to believe ;

Simply would I now draw near,

Thy Blessing to receive ;

Full of Guilt, alas ! I am.

But to thy Wounds for refuge flee ;†

Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,

Thy Blood was shed for me.

† Hof. x. 8. † John iii. 8. * Thes. iv. 16.

† Is. liii. 5.

[11]

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,

Nor can thy Grace procure ;

Empty send me not away,

For I, thou know'st, am poor ;

Dust and Ashes is my Name,

My all is Sin and Misery ;

Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,

Thy Blood was shed for me.

Without Money, without Price,

I come thy Love to buy ;

From myself I turn my Eyes,

The Chief of sinners I.

Take, O take me as I am,

And let me lose myself in Thee.*

Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,

Thy Blood was shed for me.

H Y M N XI.

Malachi. iv. 2.

O Sun of Righteousness arise,
With Healing in thy Wings ;

To my diseas'd, my fainting Soul,

Thy Light Salvation brings.

These Clouds of Pride and Sin dispel,

By thine all-piercing Beam,

Lighten mine Eyes with Faith, my Heart

With holy Hope inflame.

My Mind by thy all-quick'ning Pow'r,

From low Desires set free,

* Phil. iii. 9.

Unite my scatter'd Thoughts, and fix
My Love entire on Thee.

FATHER, thy long-lost Child receive ;
SAVIOUR, thy Purchase own :
Blest COMFORTER, with Peace and Joy,
Thy new-made Creature crown.

H Y M N XII.

1 Theff. v. 16.

REJOICE evermore,
With Angels above,
In Jesus's Pow'r,
In Jesus's Love ;
With glad Exultation
Your Triumph proclaim,
Ascribing Salvation
To God and the LAMB.*

Thou, LORD, our Relief
In Trouble hast been,
Hast sav'd us from Grief,
Hast kept us from Sin ;
The Pow'r of thy Spirit
Hath set our Hearts free,
And now we inherit
All Fulness in Thee.

All Fulness of Peace,
All Fulness of Joy,
And spiritual Bliss
That never shall cloy.

* Rev. vii. 10.

To us it is given
 In JESUS to know,
 A Kingdom of Heaven,
 An Heaven below.

No longer we'd join,
 Where Sinners invite,*
 Or envy the Swine †
 Their brutish Delight ;
 Their § Joy is all Sadness,
 Their Mirth is all vain,
 Their || Laughter is Madness,
 Their Pleasure is Pain.

O may they at last
 With Sorrow return,
 That Pleasure to taste,
 They never can mourn :
 Our JESUS receiving,
 Our Happiness prove,
 The Joy of Believing,
 The Heaven of Love.

H Y M N XIII.

O Tell me no more,
 Of this World's vain Store ;
 The time for such Trifles
 With me now is o'er.

* 2 Cor. vi. 17. † 2 Pet. ii. 22. Jude x.
 § Prov. xiv. 13. || Eccl. ii. 2.

A Country I've found,
 Where true Joys abound :
 To dwell I'm determin'd
 On that happy Ground.

The Souls that believe,
 In Paradise live,
 And me in that Number
 May JESUS receive.

My Soul don't delay,
 He calls thee away ;
 Rise, follow thy SAVIOUR,
 And blest the glad Day.

No Mortal doth know,
 What He can bestow,
 What Light, Strength and Comfort ;
 Go after him, go.

And when I'm to die,
 " Receive me," I'll cry,
 For JESUS hath lov'd me,
 I cannot say why !

HYMN XIV.

LORD and God of heavenly Pow'rs,
 Hallelujah.
 Theirs, and O benignly our's, Hallelujah.
 Glorious King, let Earth proclaim, Hallelujah.
 Worms attempt to chaunt thy Name, Halle-
 (lujah.

Bow thine Ear in Mercy how, Hallelujah.
 Hear, the * World's Atonement Thou, Hal-
 (lelujah.

JESUS, in thy Name we pray, Hallelujah.
 Take, O take our Sins away, Hallelujah.
 Thee to laud in Songs divine, Hallelujah.
 Angels and Archangels join, Hallelujah.
 We with them our Voices raise, Hallelujah.
 Echoing thine eternal Praise, Hallelujah.
 Holy, holy, holy, LORD ! Hallelujah.
 Live, by Heav'n and Earth ador'd, Hallelujah.
 Full of Thee, they ever cry, Hallelujah.
 " Glory be to God, on high," & Hallelujah.

HYMN XV.

Blind Bartimeus, Luke xviii. 35.

LORD, if now thou passest by me,
 Stand and call me unto Thee,
 Freely, fully, justify me,
 Give me Eyes thy Love to see ;

* John vi. 51. 1 John ii. 2. & Luke ii. 14.

Love, that brought Thee down from Heaven,
 Made my God a Man of Grief :
 Let it shew my Sins forgiv'n ;
 Help, O help mine Unbelief !
 Long I for thy Love have waited,
 Begging sat by the Way-side,
 Let my Soul be * new-created,
 And my Spirit † sanctify'd.
 Thou, O LORD, in great Compassion,
 Hast in Part my Sight restor'd ;
 Shew me all thy full Salvation,
 Make the Servant as his LORD.

H Y M N XVI.

Pf. cxxxi. Matt. xi. 29.

LORD, if Thou thy Grace impart,
 Poor in Spirit, meek in Heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Rooted in Humility.

From the Time that Thee I know,
 Nothing may I seek below,
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both in Heart and Eye.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little Child, §
 Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,
 Wean'd from all the World besides.

* Gal. vi. 15. † 1 Thes. v. 23. § Mark x. 15.

FATHER ! fix my Soul on thee,
 Ev'ry Evil let me flee,
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy, happy in thy Love !
 O ! that all, may seek, and find
 Ev'ry Good in Jesus join'd !
 Him let *Israel* still adore,
 Trust Him. praise Him ever-more.

H Y M N XVII.

Isa. xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

JESUS, my all, to Heav'n is gone,
 He whom I fix my Hope upon ;
 His track I see. and I'll pursue
 The narrow Way. 'till him I view.
 The Way the holy Prophets went,
 The Road that leads from Banishment,
 The King's Highway of Holiness,*
 The Way of † Peace and Pleasantness.
 Not any may go up thereon,
 But trav'ling Souls—(may I be One !)
 Way-faring Men to *Canaan* bound,
 Shall only in the Way be found.
 This is the Way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not ;

* Isa. xxxv. 8. † Prov. iiii. 17.

My Grief a Burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.

'The more I strove against its Pow'r,*
I finn'd and stumbled but the more,
'Till late I heard my SAVIOUR say,
" Come hither Soul," † I am the Way.

Lo! glad I come, and thou blest LAMB,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am ;
Nothing but Sin, I Thee can give,
Nothing but Love shall I receive.‡

Then will I tell to Sinners round,
What a dear SAVIOUR I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And say, " Behold the Way to God." †

H Y M N XVIII.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose Glory fills the Sky ;
Peace on Earth, and Man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

CHRIST our LORD and God we own,
CHRIST the FATHER's only SON,
LAMB of God for Sinners slain,
SAVIOUR of offending Man.

* Rom. vii. 24, &c. † John xiv. 6. ‡ Hos.
xiv. 4. † John i. 29.

Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
 Hear, the World's Atonement Thou,
 JESUS in thy Name we pray,
 Take, O take our Sins away.
 Pow'rful Advocate with God,
 Justify us by thy Blood ;
 Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
 Hear, the * World's Atonement Thou.

H Y M N XIX.

THE LORD my Pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a Shepherd's Care,
 His Presence shall my Wants supply ;
 And guard me with a watchful Eye ;
 My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
 And all my Midnight Hours defend.
 When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
 To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
 My weary wand'ring Steps he leads ;
 Where peateful Rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant Landskip flow.
 Though in the Paths of Death I tread,
 With gloomy Horrors overspread,
 My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still :

* John vi. 51. 1 John ii. 2.

Thy friendly Cr^ook shall give me Aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.
 Tho' in a dreary, rugged Way,
 Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray,
 Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
 The barren Wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden Greens and herbage crown'd,
 And Streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N XX.

A D V E N T.

1 Cor. xv. 52. 1 Thes. iv. 16.

“ COME to Judgment, come away,
 (Hark, I hear th' Arch-angel say,
 Summoning the Dead to rise)

“ Haste, resume, and lift your Eyes,

“ Hear, ye Sons of *Adam*, hear

“ Man, before thy God appear.”

Come to Judgment, come away,

This the last, the dreadful Day !

Sov'reign Author, Judge of all,

Dust obeys thy quick'ning Call,*

Dust no other Voice will heed,

Thine the Trump that wakes the Dead.

* John v. 25.

Come to Judgment, come away,
Ling'ring Man no longer stay,
Thee let Earth at length restore,
Pris'ner in her Womb no more,
Burst the Barriers of the Tomb,
Rise to meet thine instant Doom.

Come to Judgment, come away,
Lost in Fire, or Air, or Main,*
Kindred Atoms meet again,
Sepulcher'd where'er ye rest,
Mix'd with Fish, or Bird, or Beast.

Come to Judgment, come away,
Help, O CHRIST, thy Works decay;
Man is out of Order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out of all the World:
LORD, thy broken Concert, raise,
And the Music shall be Praise.

H Y M N XXI.

WHO shall the LORD's Elect condemn?
'Tis GOD who justifies their Souls,
And Mercy, like a mighty Stream,
O'er all their Sins divinely rolls,

* Rev. xx. 13.

Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell ?
 'Tis CHRIST who suffer'd in their stead ;
 And their Salvation to fulfil,
 Behold him rising from the Dead.

He lives ! he lives ! he sits above,
 For ever intercedeing there :
 Who shall divide us from his Love,
 Or what shall tempt us to despair ?

Shall Persecution, or Distress,
 Famine, or Sword, or Nakedness ?
 He, who hath lov'd us, bears us thro'
 And makes us more than Conquerors too.

Not all that Men on Earth can do,
 Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below,
 Shall cause his Mercy to remove,
 Or wean our Hearts from CHRIST, our
 (Love.

H Y M N XXII.

GOOD FRIDAY.

A LAS ! and did my SAVIOUR bleed !
 And did my Sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred Head
 For such a Worm as I ?

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the Tree?
 Amazing Pity ! Grace unknown !
 And Love beyond Degree !

Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
 And shut his Glories in,
 When God the mighty Maker dy'd
 For Man the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
 While his dear Cross appears,
 Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
 And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
 The Debt of Love I owe :
 Here LORD, I'd give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

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H Y M N XXIII.
E P I P H A N Y.

When they saw the STAR they rejoiced.

Matt. ii. 10.

SONS of Men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected Star,
Jacob's Star, that gilds the Night,
Guides bewild'ed Nature right.

Fear not hence that there should flow
Wars or Pestilence below ;
Wars it bids, and Tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the shades of Death,
Scatt'ring Error's wide-spread Night,
Kindling Darkness into Light.

Nations all far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear :
Haste, for him your Hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.*

There behold the Day-spring rise, †
Pouring Eye-sight on your Eyes ;
God in his own Light survey,
Shining to the perfect Day.

* 1 Pet. i. 19. † Luke i. 78.

Sing ye Morning-stars again,†
 God descends on Earth to reign !
 Deigns for Man his Life t' employ,
 Shout, ye Sons of God, for Joy !

H Y M N XXIV.

Hosea xiv. 2.

*Take with you Words, and turn to the LORD,
 say unto him, Take away all Iniquity, and
 receive us graciously.*

JESU, Friend of Sinners, hear,
 Yet once again I pray,
 From my Debt of Sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay.
 Speak, O speak the kind Release,
 A poor backsliding Soul restore : §
 Love me freely, seal my Peace,
 And bid me sin no more. ||
 Sin's Deceitfulness hath spread,
 An Hardness o'er my Heart ;
 But if thou thy Spirit shed,
 That Hardness shall depart :

† Job xxxviii. 7. § Hos. xiv. 4.

|| John viii. 11.

Shed thy Love, thy Tenderneſs,
 And let me feel thy ſoft'ning Pow'r ;
 Love me freely, ſeal my Peace,
 And bid me ſin no more.

H Y M N XXV.
 M O R N I N G.

JESUS, the all reſtoring Word,
 Our fallen Spirit's Hope,
 After thy lovely Likeneſs LORD,
 O when ſhall we wake up !

Thou, O our God, Thou only art
 The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
 Quicken our Souls, inſtruct our Hearts,
 Our ſliding Footſteps ſtay.

All that Thou doſt on Earth beſtow,
 Of Heaven, vouchſafe to give ;
 Give us, O LORD, Thyſelf to know,*
 In Thee to † walk, and live.

Fill us with all the Life of Love,
 In myſtic Union join §
 Us to Thyſelf, and let us prove
 The Fellowſhip divine.

* John xvii. 3. † Col. ii. 6. § John xv. 5.

Open the Intercourse between
Our longing Souls and Thee,
Never to be broke off again
Thro' all Eternity.

H Y M N XXVI.
E V E N I N G.

JESUS, the all-atoning Lamb,
Lover of lost Mankind,
Salvation in whose only Name
A sinful World can find:

We ask thy Grace to make us clean,
We come to Thee, our God:
Open, O LORD, for this Day's Sin,
The Fountain of thy Blood.*

Hither our spotted Souls be brought.
And ev'ry idle Word.
And ev'ry Work, and ev'ry Thought,
That hath not pleas'd our LORD.

Hither our Actions, righteous deem'd,
By Man. and counted good,
As filthy Rags by God esteem'd,†
'Till sprinkled with thy Blood.

§ Zech. xiii. 1. † Isa. lxiv. 6.

H Y M N XXVII.

BE with me, LORD, where'er I go,
 Teach me what thou would'st have me do,
 Suggest whate'er I think or say,
 Direct me in the narrow Way.

Prevent me lest I harbour Pride,
 Lest I in my own Strength confide ;
 Shew me my Weakness, let me see
 I have my Pow'r, my All from thee.

Enrich me alway with thy Love,
 My kind Protector ever prove ;
 Thy signet put upon my Breast,
 And let thy Spirit on me rest.

Affist, and teach me how to pray,
 Incline my Nature to obey,
 What thou abhorr'st, that may I flee,
 And love alone what pleases thee.

Oh may I never do my Will,
 But thine, and only thine fulfill ;
 Let all my Time, and all my Ways
 Be spent, and ended to thy Praise.

H Y M N XXVIII.

The Sinner converted. Is. xxxviii. 17, 19.

*Thou hast in Love to my Soul delivered it from the
Pit of Corruption ; for thou hast cast all my Sins
behind thy Back. The Living, the Living, he
shall praise thee, as I at this Day.*

WHEN with my Mind devoutly prest,
Dear SAVIOUR, my reviving Breast
Would past offence trace :

Trembling I make the lack Review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The Pow'r of changing Grace !

This Tongue, with Blasphemies defil'd,
These Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,

In heav'nly League agree ;
Who could believe such Lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding Ways
Should ever lead to thee !

These Eyes, that once abus'd their Sight,
Now list to Thee their wat'ry Light,

And weep a silent Flood ;
These Hands ascend in ceaseless Pray'r ;
O wash away the Stains they wear,
In pure redeeming Blood !

These Ears, that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight Oath, the lustful Strain,
When round the festal Board ;

Now deaf to all th' enchanting Noise,
 Avoid the Throng, detest the Joys,
 And press to hear thy Word.

Thus art Thou serv'd in ev'ry Part,—
 O wouldst Thou more transform my Heart,
 This drossy Thing refine ; (troul,
 That Grace might Nature's Strength con-
 And a new Creature—Body—Soul—
 Be, LORD, for ever thine.

H Y M N XXIX.

Farewel to the World.

WORLD, adieu ! thou real Cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful Charms
 Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
 Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms :
 Now I see, as clear as Day,
 How thy Follies pass away.
 Vain thy entertaining Sights,
 False thy Promises renew'd,
 All the Pomp of thy Delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit, for Heav'n above,
 Object of the noblest Love.
 Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
 Thy own nice, uncertain Gust,
 If the least Mischance betide,
 Lays thee lower than the Dust ;
 Worldly Honours end in Gall,
 Rise To-Day—To morrow fall.

Foolish Vanity—Farewel—

More inconstant than the Wave,
Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,
Purest Tempers they deprave :
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST shall set me free.

Let not, LORD ! my wand'ring Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys,
Since, in Thee alone, I find
Solid and substantial Joy's :
Joys that never over-past,
Thro' Eternity shall last.

LORD ! how happy is the Heart
When after Thee it aspires !
Good and gracious as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer its Desires :
It shall see the glorious Scene
Of thine everlasting Reign.

H Y M N XXX.

The Triumph of Faith.

H EAD of the Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear,
Thy Members here,
Shall Sing like those in Glory :
We lift our Hearts and Voices,
With blest Anticipation,

And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The Praise of our Salvation.
 While in Affliction's Furnace,
 And passing thro' the Fire,
 Thy Love we Praise,
 Which knows our Days,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our hands exulting,*
 In thine Almighty Favour,
 The Love divine
 Which makes us Thine
 Shall keep us Thine for ever.
 Thou dost conduct thy People
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation,
 Nor will we fear,
 Whilst thou art near,
 The Fire of Tribulation
 The World with Sin and Satan
 In vain our March opposes,
 By Thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the Song of Moses.†
 By Faith we see the Glory,
 To which Thou shalt restore us,
 The Cross despise
 For that high Prize
 Which Thou hast set before us.

* Psalm xlvii. 1. † Exod. xv. 13:

And if thou count us worthy,
We each as dying Stephen,*
 Shall see Thee stand
 At God's Right-hand,
To take us up to Heav'n.

H Y M N XXXI.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME ye that love the LORD,
And let your Joys be known,
Join in a Song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the Throne,

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banish'd from the Place ;
Religion never was design'd †
To make our Pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But Children of the heav'nly King
Will speak their Joys abroad.

For they thro' Grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
From Faith and Hope may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred Sweets,

* Acts vii. 55. † Prov. iii. 17. 1 Pet. i. 8.

Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
Or walk the glolden Streets.*

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry,
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's Ground
To fairer Worlds on high,

H Y M N XXXII.

Refurrection of CHRIST.

CHRISt the LoRD is ris'n To-day,
Sons of Men and Angels say,
Raife your Joys and Triumphs high,
Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

Love's redeeming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won ;
Lo ! our Sun's Eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! He sets in B'ood no more.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell ;
Death in vain forbids his Rise,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy Sting !
Once he died our Souls to save,
Where thy Victory, O Grave !

* Rev. xxi. 18, 21.

Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,
 Foll'wing our exalted Head,
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Our's the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our Parent's Fall,
 Second Life we * all receive,
 Who in JESUS CHRIST believe.

Hail the LORD of Earth and Heav'n !
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n !
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail ! the † RESURRECTION—THOU !
 King of Glory ! Souls of Bliss ?
 Everlasting Life is this—
 Thee to ‡ I know—Thy Pow'r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

H Y M N XXXIII.

A S C E N S I O N.

HALL the Day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our withful Eyes,
 CHRIST awhile to Mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n.
 There the pompous Triumph waits,
 " Lift your Heads, eternal Gates !
 " Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
 " Take the King of Glory in."

* 1 Cor. xv. 22. † John xi. 25. ‡ John xvii. 3.

Him, though highest Heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves ;
 Though returning to his Throne,
 He can ne'er forget his own.
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his Death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our Place, †
 SAVIOUR of the ransom'd Race. ||

Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our Head To-day, §
 See, thy faithful Servants see !
 Ever gazing up to Thee ! ‡
 Grant tho' parted from our Sight,
 High above yon azure Height,
 Grant our Hearts may thither rise.
 Foll'wing thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the Wings of Love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after Home !
 There may we with thee remain, *
 Partners of thine endless Reign ;
 There thy Face unclouded see,
 Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in Thee !

† John xiv. 2. || Heb. vi. 20. § 2 Kings ii. 3.
 ‡ Acts i. 9, 10, 11. * 1 Thess. iv. 17.

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H Y M N XXXIV.

The Same.

PSALM xxiv. 7.

*Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up,
ye Everlasting Doors, &c.*

OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high,
The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

There his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors, give Way !

Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
And wide unfold th' etherial Scene :
He claims these Mansions as his Right,
Receive the King of Glory in !

Who is the King of Glory, who ?

The LORD, who all his Foes o'ercame,
The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's Name.

Lo ! his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay :
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates ;
Ye everlasting Doors, give Way !

Who is the King of Glory, who ?
 The LORD of glorious Pow'r possess,
 The King of Saints and Angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest !

HYMN XXXV.

PSALM xc. r.

A WAKE, and sing the Song *
 Of Moses and the LAMB,
 Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue,
 To praise the SAVIOUR'S Name.
 Sing of his dying Love,
 Sing of his rising Pow'r,
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose sins He bore.
 Sing, till we feel our Hearts
 Ascending with our Tongues,
 Sing, till the Love of Sin departs,
 And Grace inspires our songs.
 Sing on your heav'nly Way,
 Ye ransom'd Sinners sing,
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day,
 In CHRIST th' eternal King.
 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
 " Ye blessed Children come ; " †
 Soon will He call ye hence away,
 And take his Wand'rers Home. ‡

* Rev. xv. 3. † Matt. xxv. 24. ‡ Heb. xii. 14.

H Y M N XXXVI.

P S A L M xciii.

YE Servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful Name .
 The Name all-victorious
 Of JESUS extol ;
 His Kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save,
 And still he is nigh,
 His Presence we have.
 The great Congregation,
 His Triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing Salvation
 To JESUS our King.

Salvation to God,
 Who sits on the Throne ;
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son,
 Our JESUS's Praises
 The Angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their Faces,
 And Worship the LAMB.

Then let us adore,
 And give Him his Right,
 All Glory and Pow'r
 And Wisdom and Might ;
 All Honour and Blessing,
 With Angels above,
 And Thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite Love.

H Y M N XXXVII.

PSALM cxliii. 3.

*From the rising of the Sun, unto the going down
 of the same, the LORD'S Name is to be
 praised.*

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
 Let the CREATOR'S Praise arise :
 Let the REDEEMER'S Name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, LORD ;
 Eternal Truth attends thy Word ;
 Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
 'Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

H Y M N

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H Y M N XXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

NOW to the Pow'r of God Supreme,
Be everlasting Honours giv'n ;
He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name)
He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Hear'n.

Not for their Duties or Deserts.*
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in their Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave them Grace in CHRIST his Son, †
Before he spread the starry Sky.

JESUS the LORD appears at last,
And makes his FATHER'S Councils known ‡
Declares the great Transactions past,
And brings immortal Blessings down.

H Y M N XXXIX.

The New Creation. Rev. xxi. 5.

AT TEND while God's eternal Son
Doth his own Glories shew ;
" Behold I sit upon my Throne,
" Creating all Things new.

E. 3

* Tit. iii. 5. † Eph. i. 4. ‡ Eph. i. 9.

" Nature and Sin are past away,
 " And the old Adam dies,
 " My Hands a new Foundation lay,
 " See a new World arise !"

Mighty REDEEMER, set us free
 From our old State of Sin ;
 O make our Souls alive to thee,
 Create new Pow'rs within !

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,
 And mould our Hearts afresh ;
 Give us new Passions, Joys and Fears,
 And turn the Stone to Flesh.

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
 From Sin, and Earth, and Hell ;
 In the new World thy Grace hath made,
 May we for ever dwell !

H Y M N XL.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,*
 Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood ;
 Give us to know thy Love, then Pain
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.
 Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee :
 Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear †
 That Pledge of Love for ever there.

* 1 John i. 7. Rev. i. 5. † 2 Cor. i. 22.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st Man to Glory bring !
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown !

Ah, LORD ! enlarge our scanty Thought,
To know the Wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring Tongues to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

First born, of many Brethren Thou,†
To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow ;‡
Help us to thee our All to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live ! ||

H Y M N XLI.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my longing Heart
All taken up by thee ?

Oh make me pant and thirst to prove*
The Greatness of redeeming Love,
The Love of CHRIST to me.

God only knows the Love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony Heart !

For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,
This only Portion, LORD, be mine,
Be mine this better Part !

† Rom. viii. 29. § Phil. ii. 9-10.

|| Rom. xiv. 8. * Ps. xlii. 1.

O that we could for ever sit, †
 With Mary, at the Master's Feet,
 Be this our happy Choice !
 Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,
 Our Joy, our Heav'n on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's Voice. ‖
 Thy only Love may we require,
 Nothing on Earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in Heav'n above ;
 Let Earth and all its Trifles go,
 Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,
 Give us thy precious Love.

H V M N XLII.

The second Advent. Rev. i. 7.

LO ! He comes with Clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd Sinners slain :
 Thousand thousand Saints attending.
 Swell the Triumph of his Train :
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

Ev'ry Eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in dreadful Majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd, and nail'd Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true MESSIAH see.

† Luke x. 38, &c. ‖ John iii. 29. ° Jude xiv.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,
 Heav'n and Earth shall flee away ; *
 All who hate Him, must, confounded, |||
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day ;
 Come to Judgment !
 Come to Judgment ? come away !

Now Redemption long expected,
 See ! in Solemn Pomp appear !
 All his Saints, by Man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the Air !
 Hallelujah !

See the Day of God appear !
 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit, ||
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral Doom ! §
 The new Heav'n and Earth t' inherit, †
 Take thy pining Exiles Home :
 All Creation, **

Travails ! groans ! and bids Thee come ?
 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal Throne !
 SAVIOUR, take the Pow'r and Glory ;
 Claim the Kingdom for thine own !
 O come quickly ! ††
 Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

* Rev. xx. 11. || Mic. vii. 16, 17. † 1 Thes.
 iv. 17. || Rev. xxii. 17. § Vid'e Burial Ser-
 vice. † Rev. xxi. 1. ** Rom. viii. 22, 23.
 †† Rev. xxii. 20.

H Y M N XLII.

The Same. Rev. vi. 95.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe;
 The seventh Trumper speaks him near!
 His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful Soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n angelic Voices sound,
 See the Almighty JESUS crown'd!
 Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
 And Glory decks the SAVIOUR'S Face.
 Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks
 the SAVIOUR'S Face!

Descending on his azure Throne,
 He claims the Kingdoms for his own;
 The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
 And hail him their triumphant LORD,
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail
 him, their triumphant LORD.

Shout all the people of the Sky,
 And all the Saints of the MOST HIGH;
 Our God who now his Right obtains,
 For ever, and for ever Reigns, (Reigns.
 Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever
 The FATHER praise, the SON adore,
 The SPIRIT bless for evermore;

Salvation's glorious Work is done,
 We welcome Thee, GREAT THREE in ONE!
 Welcome, welcome, welcome; welcome;
 welcome Thee GREAT THREE in ONE!

HYMN XLIV.

To the TRINITY.

HAIL holy, holy, holy LORD!
 Be endless Praise to thee!
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In Co-eternal Three.

Enthron'd in everlasting State,
 Ere Time its Round began,
 Who Join'd in Council to Create
 The Dignity of Man.*

To whom † Isaiah's Vision shew'd,
 The Seraphs veil their Wings,
 While Thee JEHOVAH, LORD, and GOD,
 Th' angelic Army sings.

To thee by mystic Pow'rs on high
 Were humble Praises giv'n,
 When John beheld with favour'd Eye ‖
 Th' Inhabitants of Heav'n!

All that the Name of Creature owns,
 To Thee in Hymns aspire;
 May we as Angels on our Thrones §
 For ever join the Choir!

* Gen. i. 26, 27. † Is. vi. 2, 3. ‖ Rev. iv. 1.
 &c. § Rev. iii. 21.

Hail holy, holy, holy LORD !
 Be endless Praise to Thee ;
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In Co-eternal Three.

H Y M N XLV. Another.

WE give immortal Praise,
 To GOD the FATHER's Love,
 For all our Comforts here,
 And better Hopes above :
 He sent his own
 Eternal SON,
 To die for Sins
 That Man had done.

To GOD the SON belongs
 Immortal Glory too,
 Who bought us with his Blood,
 From everlasting Woe :
 And now he lives,
 And now he reigns,
 And sees the Fruit
 Of all his Pains.

To GOD the SPIRIT's Name
 Immortal Worship give,
 Whose new-creating Pow'r
 Makes the dead Sinner live :
 His Work completes
 The great Design,
 And fills the Soul
 With Joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee,
 Be endless Honours done;
 The undivided THREE,
 And the mysterious ONE !
 Where Reason fails
 With all her Pow'rs,
 There Faith prevails
 And Love adores.

H Y M N XLVI.

Another.

PRAISE be to the FATHER given,
 CHRIST He gave,
 Us to save,
 Now the Heirs of Heav'n.
 Pay we equal Adoration
 To the SON,
 He alone
 Wrought out our Salvation.
 Glory to the eternal Spirit,
 Us He seals,*
 CHRIST reveals,†
 And applies his Merit.
 Worship, Honour, Thanks and Blessing,
 ONE in THREE,
 Give we Thee,
 Never, never ceasing !

* Ephes. i. 13. † Cor. xii. 3.

HYMN XLVII.

LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy Cross,
That alone be all our Glory ;

All things else are Dung, and Dross,
Thee we own a perfect SAVIOUR,
Only Source of all that's Good ;
Ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Favour,
Come to us, thro' JESUS'S Blood.

JESUS gives us true Repentance,
By his Spirit sent from Heav'n ;
JESUS whispers this sweet Sentence,
" Son, thy Sins are all forgiv'n ;"
Faith he gives us to believe it,
Grateful Hearts his Love to Prize ;
Want we Wisdom ? he must give it :
Hearing Ears, and seeing Eyes.

JESUS gives us pure Affections,
Wills to do what he requires ;
Makes us follow his Directions ;
And what he commands, inspires.
All our Prayers, and all our Praises,
Rightly offer'd in his Name,
He who dictates them, is JESUS,
He who answers, is the same.

When we live on JESU'S Merit,
When we worship God aright ;

FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
Then we savingly unite.
This the whole Conclusion of it ;
Great, or Good what'er we call ;
GOD, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
JESUS CHRIST is All in All.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Zech. xiii. 1

HOW sad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our Captive Souls
Fast in his slavish Chains.

But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace,
Sounds from God's sacred Word ;
Ho ! ye despairing Sinner's, come
And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty Call,
And run to this Relief !
We would believe thy Promise, Lord,
O help our Unbelief !

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly :
There may we wash our spotted Souls
From Crimes of deepest Dye !

Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,
Our reigning Sins subdue ;

Drive the old Serpent from his Seat,*
Create our Hearts anew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms,
Into thine Hands we fall ;
Be Thou our Strength and Righteousness,
Our Jesus and our All !

H Y M N XLIX.

1 John iv. 16. Latter Part.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down !
Fix in us thine humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown ;
Jesus ! Thou art all Compassion,
Pure unbounded Love Thou art,
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart !
Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled Breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest : †
Take away the Love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be, †
End of Faith, as its Beginning, †
Set our Hearts at Liberty.
Come ! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive †

* Rev. xii. 9. † Matt. xi. 28. † Rev. i. 8.

† Heb. xii. 2.

Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy Temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as thine Hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious Love.
 Finish then thy new Creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be,
 Let us see thy great Salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by Thee !
 Chang'd from Glory into Glory, §
 'Till in Heaven we take our Place,
 'Till we cast our Crowns before Thee, ||
 Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.

H Y M N L. Thanksgiving.

MEET and right it is to sing,
 Glory to our God and King :
 Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,
 To rehearse his solemn Praise.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
 Angels help the cheerful Sound ;
 Publish thro' the World abroad
 Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to Thee we give,
 Gracious Thou our Thanks receive ;
 Holy FATHER, sov'reign Lord,
 Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd !

• 2 Cor. vi. 16. § 2 Cor. iii. 18. || Rev. iv. 10.

Tho' th. injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's Name;
SAVIOUR, Thee we ever bless,
Thee our LORD and God confess.*

H Y M N L I.
M O R N I N G.

RISE, my Soul! adore thy Maker;
Angels praise,
Join thy Lays,
With them be Partaker.

Sov'reign LORD of ev'ry Spirit,
In thy Light
Lead me right,

Thro' my SAVIOUR's Merit.

Thou this Night was't my Protector,
With me stay
All the Day,
Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all Good,
Life and Food,
Reign ador'd for ever!

Glory, Honour, Thanks and Blessing,
ONE in THREE,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing!

* John xx. 28.

H Y M N LII.

E V E N I N G.

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour
This Day shew'd
By my God,
I will bless my SAVIOUR.

Leave me not, but ever love me;

Let thy Peace

Be my Bliss,

'Till thou hence remove me.

Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r,

Safely keep,

While I sleep,

Me with all thy Pow'r.

So, whene'er in Death I slumber,

Let me rise

With the Wise,

Counted in their Number—

H Y M N LIII.

I am the Door. John x. 9.

THOU art the Door which open stands,
Our Hope, Almighty Lord, thou art,
To Thee we'd stretch our willing Hands,
To Thee lift up each guilty Heart.

We know thy Promise cannot fail—
 May we thy saving Mercy prove !
 Let not our * Unbelief prevail,
 Nor † bar the Door against thy Love.

H Y M N LIV.

CHRIST is ALL and in ALL. Col. iii. 10.

TO all my VILENESS, CHRIST is GLORY
 (bright—
 To all my MIS'RIES, infinite DELIGHT—
 To all my IGN'RANCE, WISE without COM-
 (pare,
 To my DEFORMITY, the eternal FAIR—
 SIGHT to my BLINDNESS—To my MEAN-
 (NESS. WEALTH—
 LIFE to my DEATH—and to my SICKNESS
 (HEALTH—
 TO DARKNESS, LIGHT—my LIBERTY in
 (THRALL—
 What shall I say—my CHRIST is ALL in
 (ALL !

H Y M N LV.

The Pilgrim's Song

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
 Thy better Portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory Things,
 Tow'rd a Heav'n thy native Place ;

* Heb. iii. 19. † Rev. iii. 20.

Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time shall soon this Earth remove :
Rise, my Soul, and haste away
To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,
Nor stay in all their Course ;
Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
Both speed them to their Source :
So a Soul that's * born of God
Pants to view his glorious Face, |
Upwards tends to his Abode,
To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn. |
Press onward to the Prize :
Soon our SAVIOUR will return
Triumphant in the Skies :
Yet a Season, and you know
Happy Entrance will be giv'n,
All our Sorrows left below, §
And Earth exchange'd for Heav'n.

H Y M N LVI.

Divine Worship.

JESUS, we thy Promise claim,
We are met in thy dear Name ;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy Presence here :

* John i. 12. 13. | Ps. xlii. 1, 2. | Heb. xi. 13.
§ If. xxxv. 10.

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy Peace !
 Come, descend, celestial Dove,
 Make this Time, a Time of Love.

In thy Righteousness still sound,
 Let the Fruits of Grace abound,
 Faith, and Love, and Joy increase,
 Temperance and Gentleness :
 Plant in us thy humble Mind,
 Patient, pitiful, and kind,
 Meek, and lowly let us be,
 Full of Goodness, full of Thee.

Make us all in thee compleat,
 Make us all for Glory meet :
 Meet t' appear before thy Sight,
 Part'ners with the Saints in Light :
 Call, O call us each by Name,
 To the Marriage of the LAMB,
 Let us lean upon thy Breast,
 Love be there our endless Feast.

H Y M N LVII.

Panting after God. Ps. xlii. 1.

THOU hidden Love of God whose Height,
 Whose Depth unsearch'd no Man knows,
 I see from far thy beautiful Light,
 Inly I sigh for thy Rest
 My Heart is pain'd, nor let it be
 At Rest, till it finds Rest in Thee.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
 That strives with Thee my Heart to share ?
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone :
 The LORD of ev'ry Motion there :
 Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
 When it has found Repose in Thee.

Oh hide this Self from me, that I
 No more, but CHRIST in me may live !
 My vile Affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling Lust survive :
 In all Things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !

O Love ! thy sov'reign Aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted Care :
 Chase this self-will through all my Heart,
 Through all its latent Mazes there :
 Make me thy dutious Child, that I
 Ceaseless, may Abba, FATHER, cry. §

Each Moment draw from Earth away
 My Heart that lowly waits thy Call,
 Speak to my inmost Soul and say,
 I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !
 To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
 To taste thy Love be all my Choice !

H Y M N LVIII.

Calling to follow JESUS.

COME, my FATHER'S Family,*
 Ye ransom'd of the LORD,
 Come, ye Sinners, who with me
 Are ev'ry where abhor'd; †
 Let us gladly trace his Steps,
 Who Suffer'd Death among the Jews,
 Whom the friendless Soul accepts, ‡
 Whom all beside refuse.

JESUS, the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own §
 He the Sacrifice for Sin,
 The SAVIOUR He alone :
 Let us take and bear his Cross, §
 Despis'd Disciples let us be :
 Mock'd and slighted, as he was
 For you, my Friends, and me.
 None but JESUS will we sing,
 None else will we adore :
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for evermore :
 None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,**
 Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim,
 None but JESUS call we ours,
 None but the bleeding LAMB !

* Eph. iii. 15. † Mat. x. 22. ‡ John xvii. 14.
 § Mat. ix. 12. † Mat. xxiii. 8. § Mat. xvi.
 4 Gal. iv. 14. ** Rev. xx. 10. xxii. 9.

H Y M N LIX.

For the LORD's Day

THE LORD of Sabbath let us praise,
 In Concert with the Blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious Lays,
 Employ an endless Rest.

Thus, LORD while we remember Thee,
 True Happiness we know :
 By Hymns of Praise we learn to be,
 Triumphant here below.

On this glad Day a brighter Scene
 Of Glory was display'd.
 By GOD, th' eternal WORD, than when
 The Universe was made.

He rises, who Mankind hath bought
 With Grief and Pain extreme :
 Twas great to speak the World from Nought—
 Twas greater to redeem!

H Y M N XL.

But the greatest of these is Love.

1 Cor. xiii. 13.

HAPPY the Heart, where Graces reign,
 Where Love inspires the Breast!
 Love is the brightest of the Train,
 And perfects all the rest.

Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our Fear :
 Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
 If Love be absent there

Tis Love that makes our chea-ful Feet
 In swift Obedience move,
 The Devils know, and tremble too—
 But Satan cannot love.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
 When Faith and Hope shall cease ;
 Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
 In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

When join'd to that harmonious Throng,
 That fills the Choirs above,
 Then shall we tune our golden Harps,*
 And ev'ry Note be—Love.

H Y M N LXI.

PSALM cxxxiv.

YE Servants of God, Whose diligent Care,
 Is ever employ'd in Watching and Prayer;
 With Praises unceasing Your JESUS Proclaim,
 Rejoicing, and blessing His excellent Name.

Tis JESUS commands, Come all to his House,
 And lift up your Hands and pay Him your
 (Vows !

And whilst ye are giving Your JESUS his Due,
 The LORD out of Heaven shall sanctify you.

* Rev. xiv. 2.

H Y M N LXII.

Life and Eternity

THEE we adore, eternal Name ;
 And humbly own 'to Thee,
 How feeble is our mortal Frame,
 What dying Worms we be !

Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
 As Months and Days increase !
 And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell
 Leaves but the Number less !

The Year rolls round, and steals away
 The Breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the Grave !

Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground,
 To push us to the Tomb,
 And fierce Diseases wait around,
 To hurry Mortals home !

Great God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting Things !
 The eternal States of all the Dead
 Upon Life's feeble Strings !

Infinite Joy, and endless Woe,
 Attend on ev'ry Breath !
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the Brink of Death !

Waken, O LORD, our drowsy Sense,
 To walk this dang'rous Road :
 And if our Souls be hurried hence,
 May they be found with GOD !

H Y M N LXIII.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

MY drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
 Awake my sluggish Soul ;
 Nothing hath half thy Work to do ;
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

Go to the * Ants—for one poor Grain,
 See how they toil and strive !
 Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
 How negligent we live !

We, for whom GOD the SON came down,
 And labour'd for our Good,
 How careless to secure that Crown
 He purchas'd with his Blood !

LORD, shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our Parts !

Come, LORD, thy † gracious Word fulfil,
 And warm our frozen Hearts !

Give us with active Warmth to move,
 With vig'rous Souls to rise,
 With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love
 To fly and take the Prize.

* Prov. v. 6. † Matt. iii. 11. latter Part.

[65]
H Y M N LXIV.

Pf. cxxxix. 7—13.

LORD, where shall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown ?
In Hell they meet thy vengeful Ire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.
Should they suppress their vital Breath,
T' escape the Wrath Divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave resign.
If wing'd with Beams of Morning Light
They fly beyond the West,
Thine Hand, which must support their Flight,
Would soon betray their Rest.
If o'er their Sins they seek to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law,
Would turn the Shades to Light.
The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour,
Are both alike to Thee,
O may we ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which we cannot flee !

HYMN LXV.

PSALM cxlv. 7. &c.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
 My GOD, my heav'nly King;
 Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
 In Sounds of Glory sing.

GOD reigns on high, but not confines,
 His Goodness to the Skies;
 'Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty shines,
 And every Want supplies.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
 On Thee, for daily Food;
 Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,
 And fills their Mouths with Good.

How kind are thy Compassions, LORD!
 How slow thine Anger moves!
 How soon He sends his pard'ning Word,
 To cheer the Soul He loves!

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
 Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim:
 May we, who taste thy richer Grace,
 Delight to bless thy Name!

H Y M N LXVI.

PSALM cxlvii.

PRAISE ye the LORD ; 'tis good to raise
 Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise ;
 His Nature and his Works invite,
 To make this Duty our Delight.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,
 He counts their Numbers, calls their Names :
 His Wisdom's vast and knows no bound,
 A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

Great is the LORD, and great his Might,
 And all his Glories, infinite :
 He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,*
 And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

His Saints are lovely in his Sight,
 He views his Children with Delight :
 He sees their Hopes, He knows their Fear,
 And looks and loves his Image there.

Praise GOD from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise him all Creatures here below !
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host,
 Praise FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST.

* Prov. x. 6.

H Y M N LXVII.

*CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification
and Redemption.*

1 Cor. i. 30.

BURY'd in Shadow's of the Night,
We lie, 'till **CHRIST** restores the Light;
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind.
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the atoning Blood appears;
Then they awake from deep Distress,
And sing the **LORD** our **RIGHTHOUSNESS**.

JESUS Beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains:
He sets the Pris'ner free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in thee possess
Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r and Righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O **LORD**, to Thee!

H Y M N.

H Y M N LXVIII.

Mal. iv. 2.

*But unto you that fear my Name, shall the Sun
of Righteousness arise with Healing in his
Wings.*

HOW heavy is the Night,
That hangs upon our Eyes,
'Till CHAISE with his reviving Light
Over our Souls arise !

Our Spirits are afraid
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n,
'Till in his Righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and Ways ;
His Beams infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the cursed Chain.

Lord, we adore thy Ways,
That bring us near to God :
Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

HYMN LXIX. Offices of CHRIST.

JOIN all the glorious Names,
 Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
 That Mortals ever knew,
 That Angels ever bore :
 All are to mean *
 To speak his Worth,
 Too mean to set
 Our SAVIOUR forth.

But, O what gentle Terms :
 What condescending Ways,
 Doth our REDEEMER use
 To teach his heav'nly Grace !
 My Soul with Joy
 And Wonder see
 What Forms of Love
 He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
 Our Tongues would bless thy Name :
 By thee the joyful News
 Of our Salvation came :
 The joyful News
 Of Sins forgiv'n,
 Of Hell subdu'd,
 And Peace with Heav'n.

JESUS our great High Priest,
 Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;

* Phil. ii. 9.

Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside :

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqu'ror and our King,
Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace we sing.
Thine is the Pow'r;
O may we fit,
In willing Bonds,
Beneath thy Feet !

H Y M N LXX.

The same.

ARRAY'D in mortal Flesh,
Lo the GREAT ANGEL stands,
And holds the Promises
And Pardons in his Hands :
Commission'd from
His FATHER'S Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern and our Guide !
And thro' this desert Land
Still keep us near thy Side !

O let our Feet
 Ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek
 The crooked Way !

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice, §
 Whose watchful Eye doth keep
 Poor wand'ring Souls among
 The Thousands of his Sheep,
 He feeds his Flock,†
 He calls their Names,
 His Bosom bears
 The tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
 My Soul commend thy Cause,
 He answers and fulfills
 His FATHER's broken Law's !
 Believing Souls
 Now free are set ;
 For CHRIST hath paid,
 Their dreadful Debt,

Then let our Souls arise,
 And tread the Tempter down ;
 Our Captain leads us forth
 To Conquest and a Crown.
 March on ! nor fear
 To win the Day,
 Tho' Death and Hell
 Obstruct the Way.

§ John x. 27. † Isa. xl. 11.

COME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing !
Tune mine Heart to sing thy Grace !
Streams of Mercy never ceasing,

Call for Songs of loudest Praise :
Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
Sung by * flaming Tongues above ;
Praise the || Mount—I'm fix't upon it,
Mount of GOD's † unchanging Love !

Here I raise my † *Eben-Ezer*,
Hither by thine Help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good Pleasure,
Safely to arrive at Home :
JESUS fought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God,
He, to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd with precious Blood.

O ! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that Grace, now like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee !
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,
Prone to leave the GOD I love—
Here's mine Heart—O take, and § seal it !
Seal it from thy Courts above !

* Heb. i. 7. || Heb. xii. 18--25. † Mal. iii. 6.
James i. 17. ‡ 1 Sam. vii. 12. § 2 Cor. i. 22.
Eph. i. 13.

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H Y M N LXXII.

For EASTER-DAY

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in Blood no more :
Adore the Scatt'rer of your Fears,
Your rising God adore !

The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes ;
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead arise !

Alone the dreadful Race He ran,
Alone the Wine-Press trod ;
He dy'd and Suffer'd as a Man :
He rises as a God !

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Rise,
To Him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradise.

H Y M N LXXIII.

A Prayer for Faith.

FATHER, I stretch mine Hands to Thee,
No other Help I know :
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go !

What did thine only Son endure
 Before I drew my Breath !
 What Pain, what Labour to secure
 My Soul from endless Death !
 Author of Faith, to Thee I list
 My weary, longing Eyes !
 Preserve in me that precious Gift !—
 My Soul without it dies !

H Y M N LXXIV.

Happy is the Man that feareth always.

Prov. xxviii. 14.

GOD of all Grace and Majesty !
 Supremely Great and Good !
 If I have Favour found with Thee
 Thro' the atoning Blood !
 The Guard of all thy Mercies give,
 And to my Pardon join
 A Fear, lest I should ever grieve
 The gracious Sp'rit divine.
 Since Mercy is indeed with Thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my Liberty,
 Or sin against thy Love :
 This choicest Fruit of Faith bestow
 On a poor * Sojourner :

* 1 Chron. xxix. 15.

And let me pass my Days below
In Humbleness and fear. †

Still may I walk as in thy Sight,
My strict Observer see,
And thou by rev'rent Love unite
My wand'ring Heart to mee.
Still let me, till my Days are past,
At JESU'S Feet abide :
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his Side.

H Y M N LXXV. John xiii. 9.

JESUS Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my Sins were Thine, §
Thy Death hath bought of God my Peace,
Thy Life hath made Him mine :
My dying SAVIOUR and my God !
Fountain for Guilt and Sin : *
Sprinkle me ever with thy Blood, ||
And cleanse and keep me clean !

Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine Thou art,
Wash me, but not my Feet alone,
My Hands, my Head, my Heart !
Th' Atonement of thy Blood apply,
Till Faith to Sight improve,
Till Hope shall in Fruition die,
And all my Soul be Love !

† 1 Pet. i. 17. § Isa. liii. 6. latter Part

* Zech. xiii. 1. || 1 Pet. i. 2.

H Y M N LXXVI. Isa. xl. 29.

SON of GOD ! thy Blessing grant,
 Still supply my ev'ry Want,
 Tree of Life thine Influence shed, ||
 With thy Fruit my Spirit feed !
 Tend'rest Branch, alas ! am I,
 Wither without Thee and die :
 Weak as helpless Infancy——
 O confirm my Soul in Thee ;
 Unsustain'd by Thee I fall,
 Send the strength for which I call !
 Weaker than a bruised Reed,
 Help I every Moment need.
 All my Hopes on Thee depend,
 Love me ! save me to the End !
 Give me the continuing Grace——
 Take the everlasting Praise !

H Y M N LXXVII. EPIPHANY.

Isaiah ix. 2.

LIGHT of those whose dreary Dwelling,
 Borders on the Shades of Death,
 Come ! and by thy Love's revealing,
 Dissipate the Clouds beneath :
 The new Heav'n and Earth's Creator, †
 In our deepest Darkness rise !

|| Rev. ii. 7. John xv. 5. † Rev. xxi. 1. 5.

Scatt'ring all the Night of Nature,
Pouring Eye-sight on our Eyes.

Still we wait for thine Appearing,
Life and Joy thy Beams impart,
Chasing all our Fears, and chearing
Ev'ry poor benighted Heart :
Come, and manifest the Favour
God hath for the ransom'd Race ;
Come ! thou gracious God and SAVIOUR !
Come ! and bring the Gospel-grace !

Save us in thy great Compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince !
Give the Knowledge of Salvation, †
Give the Pardon of our Sins !
By thine all-restoring Merit,
Ev'ry burthen'd Soul release,
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring Spirit,
Guide into thy perfect Peace !

H Y M N LXXVIII. 2 Kings x. 15.

COME let us ascend,
My Companion and Friend,
To a Taste of the Banquet above ;
If thine Heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up in the Chariot of Love. ||

Who in Jesus confide,
They are bold to outride
The Storms of Affliction beneath :

† Luke i. 77. || Song of Solomon iii. 10.

With the Prophet they soar*
To that heav'nly Shore,
And † outfly all the Arrows of Death.

By § Faith we are come
To our Permanent Home,
By || Hope we the Rapture improve,
By ‡ Love we still rise,
And look down on the Skies—
For the ** Heaven of Heav'ns is Love !

Who on Earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the †† City of God the great King !
What a Concert of Praise,
When our Jesus's Grace,
The whole heav'nly Company sing ;

What a rapturous Song,
When the glorify'd Throng
In the Spirit of Harmony join !
Join all the glad Choirs,
Hearts, Voices, and Lyres,
And the Burden is Mercy divine.

Hallelujah they cry,
To the King of the Sky,
To the great everlasting I AM,

* 1 Kings ii. 11. † John xi. 25, 26. § Heb. xi. 1
|| Heb. vi. 19. ‡ 1 Cor. xiii. 13. ** 1 John iv. 16
latter Part. †† Phil. iii. 20. Heb. xii. 22.

To the LAMB that was slain,
And that liveth again,
Hallelujah to GOD and the LAMB ! *

H Y M N LXXIX.

Ezekiel xi. 19. xxxvi. 26.

A Lmighty God of Truth and Love !
In me thy Pow'r exert
The Mountain from my Soul remove,
The Hardness from my Heart :
My most obdurate Heart subdue,
In Honour to thy SON,
And now the gracious Wonder shew,
And take away the Stone.

I want a Principle within,
Of jealous, godly Fear ;
A sensibility of Sin,
A Pain to feel it near :
I want the first Approach to feel
Of Pride, or vain Desire,
To catch the Wand'rings of my Will,
And quench the kindling Fire.

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy Goodness grieve !
The filial Awe, the † fleshly Heart,
The tender Conscience give :
Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
O God ! my Conscience make,

* Rev. vii. 9, 10. † Ezek. xi. 19.

Awake my Soul, when Sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake !

H Y M N. LXXX.

Thy Backsliding shall reprove thee.

Jer. ii. 19.

JESU, let thy pitying Eye
Call back a wand'ring Sheep !
False to thee, like PETER, I
Would fain like PETER weep.
Let me be by Grace restor'd,
On me, be all Long-suffering shewn !
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,*
And break my Heart of Stone.

SAVIOUR, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,†
Give me, thro' thy dying Love,
The humble, contrite Heart :
Give me, what I've long implor'd,
A Portion of thy Grief unknown—
Turn, &c.

See me, SAVIOUR, from above,
Nor suffer me to die,
Life, and Happiness, and Love,
Drop from thy gracious Eye !
Speak the reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down—
Turn, &c.

* Luke xxii. 61. former Part. † Acts v. 31.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld
 The § Harlot in Distress,
 Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,
 And bad her go in Peace :
 Foul, like her, and self-abhor'd,
 I at thy Feet for Mercy groan—
 Turn, &c.

Look as when condemn'd for them,
 'Thou didst thy Follow'rs see,
 " Daughter's of *Jerusalem*, ||
 " Weep for yourselves, not Me."
 Am I by my God deplor'd,
 And shall I not myself bemoan—
 Turn, &c.

Look as when thy languid Eye
 Was clos'd that we might live,
 " FATHER ! (at the Point to die) †
 My SAVIOUR said, *Forgive !*
 Surely with that dying Word.
 He turns and looks, and cries, *'Tis done !—*
 O my Bleeding—loving LORD;
 Thou break'st my Heart of Stone.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Praise to the REDEEMER.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
 We wretched Sinners lay,
 Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
 Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

§ Luke vii. 50. || Luke xxiii. 28. † Luke xxiii. 34.

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing Love !)
He came to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,
With joyful Haste he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in mortal flesh,
And dwe't among the Dead.

Oh ! for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues,
The SAVIOUR's Praises speak !

Angels assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold ;
But when you raise your highest Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told !

HYMN LXXXII.

PSALM C.

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy,
Know that the LORD is GOD alone !
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men ;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd.
He brought us to his Fold again.

We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
 High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise ;
 And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
 Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
 Vast as Eternity thy Love,
 Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
 When rolling Years shall cease to move.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Humiliation.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
 And born unholy and unclean ;
 Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
 Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant Breath,
 The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death !
 Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
 But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

Behold ! we fall before thy Face :
 Our only Refuge is thy Grace ;
 No outward Forms can make us clean,
 The Leprosy lies deep within.

JESUS, our GOD ! thy Blood alone
 Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone :
 LORD ! let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
 And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice !

H Y M N LXXXIV.

PSALM cl.

PRAISE the LORD, who reigns above,
 And keeps his * Court below,
 Praise the holy GOD of Love,
 And all his Greatness shew :
 Praise him for his noble Deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless Pow'r ;
 Him from whom all Good proceeds,
 Let Earth and Heav'n adore.
 Publish, spread to All around,
 The great IMMANUEL's Name,
 Let the Trumpet's martial Sound,
 HIM LORD of HOSTS proclaim :
 Praise him ev'ry tuneful String,
 All the Reach of heav'nly Art,
 All the Pow'rs of Music bring,
 The Music of the Heart.
 Him, in whom they move, and live,
 Let every Creature sing,
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And Homage to their King :
 Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
 As in Heaven on Earth ador'd,
 Praise the LORD in every Breath ;
 Let all Things praise the LORD !

* Zech. iii. 7.

H Y M N LXXXV.

Divine Worship.

COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
 Fan each Spark into a Flame,
 Blessings let us now inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name :
 Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
 May our Hearts in Rapture move.
 Feel new Grace in them still springing,
 Breathe the Air of purest Love.

Let us sail in Grace's Ocean,
 Float on that unbounded Sea,
 Guided into pure Devotion,
 Kept from Paths of Error free :
 On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious Foe ;
 Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding,
 All for thee may we forego.

Keep us, LORD, still in Communion,
 Daily nearer draw to thee,
 Sinking in the Sweetest Union,
 Of that Heart-felt Mystery :
 Keep us safe from each Delusion,
 Well protected from all Harms,
 Free from Sin, and all Confusion,
 Circle us within thine Arms.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

*Behold, I stand at the Door and knock, &c.**Rev. iii. 20.*

WE magnify thy Grace, O LORD,
 How plent'ously hast thou prepar'd
 A Supper for thy Saints !
 All Things are ready, thou hast said,*
 A Table Thou hast richly spread
 To answer all our Wants.

Now, LORD, allure our Souls to Thee,
 O kindly bid us come and see,
 And taste how good thou art ;
 Knock with the † Hammer of thy Word,
 Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, LORD,
 LORD, break into each Heart !

Darkness and Unbelief remove,
 Replenish all our Souls with Love,
 Cast out the Pow'r of Sin ;
 JESUS, attend our feeble Pray'r,
 And for Thyself our Hearts prepare,
 Come in, our LORD, come in !

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
 Like Rivers flow, and still increase,
 Unto the Ocean driv'n :
 LORD, condescend to sup with me,
 And grant that I may be with Thee,
 And sup at last in Heav'n !

* Luke xiv. 16, 17. † Jer. xxiii. 29.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

CHRIST's Commission.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
 To an immortal Tune ;
 Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds,
 Celestial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
 Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bid him raise our wretched Race
 From their Abyfs of Woes,

His Hand no Thunder bears,
 No Terror clouds his Brow ;
 No Frowns to drive our guilty Souls
 To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
 And Wrath stood silent by,
 When CHRIST was sent with Pardons down
 To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
 Let hopeless Sorrows cease :
 Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
 And take the offer'd Peace.

May we obey the Call !
 And lay an humble Claim
 To the Salvation he hath brought,
 And love, and praise his Name.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

For New Year's Day.

Luke xiii. 6—11.

THE LORD of Earth and Sky,
 The GOD of Ages praise !
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless Days ;
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,
 And spares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
 We cumber'd long the Ground,
 No fruit of Holiness

On our dead Souls was found !
 Yet did he us in Mercy spare,
 Another and another Year.

When Justice bar'd the Sword
 To cut the Fig-tree down,
 The Pity of our LORD
 Cry'd, " Let it still alone."
 The Father mild inclin'd his Ear,
 And spar'd us yet another Year.

JESUS thy * speaking Blood
 From GOD obtain'd the Grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer Space :
 Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another Year !

* Heb. xii. 24.

Then dig about our Root,
Break up our fallow Ground,
And let out gracious Fruit
To thy great Praise abound :
O let us all thy Praise declare,
And Fruit unto * Perfection bear !

H Y M N LXXXIX.

Another.

COME let us anew
Our Journey pursue,
Roll round with the Year,
And never stand still till the MASTER appear :
His adorable Will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our Talents improve,
By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of
(Love.

Our Life is a Dream,
Our Time, as a Stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive Moment refuses to stay :
The Arrow is flown,
The Moment is gone,
The † Millennial Year
Rushes on to our View, and Eternity's here !
O that each in the Day
Of his Coming may say,

* Luke viii. 14.--2 Cor. xiii. 9. † Rev. xx. 4.

“ I have * fought my Way thro’,
 “ I have finish’d the Work thou didst give me
 O that each from his LORD (to do !”
 May receive the glad Word,
 “ Well, and faithfully done ;
 “ † Enter into my Joy, and sit down on my
 (Throne.”

H Y M N XC.

Isaiah xxxv. 10.

CHILDREN of the heav’nly King,
 As ye journey sweetly sing,
 Sing your SAVIOUR’s worthy Praise,
 Glorious in his Works and Ways.

Ye are travelling home to GOD,
 In the Way the Fathers trod ; †
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their Happiness shall see.

O, ye banish’d Seed be glad !
 CHRIST our Advocate is made ;
 Us to save, our Flesh assumes,
 Brother to our Souls becomes §

Shout, ye little Flock, and blest,
 You on JESU’S Throne shall rest !
 There your Seat is now prepar’d,
 There your Kingdom and Reward.

* 1 Tim. iv. 7 † Matt. xxv. 21.

‡ Jer. vi. 16. § Heb. ii. 11.

Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand
On the Borders of your Land !
JESUS CHRIST, your FATHER'S SON, †
Bids you undismay'd go on.

LORD ! obediently we'd go.
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still Will follow Thee !

H Y M N XCI.
C H R I S T M A S.

Phil. ii. 9—11.

LET Earth and Heav'n agree,
Angels and Men be Join'd
To celebrate with me

The SAVIOUR of Mankind :
T'adore the all-atoning LAMB,
And bless the Sound of JESU'S Name.

JESUS ! transporting Sound ;
The Joy of Earth and Heav'n,
No other Help is found,
No other || Name is giv'n
By which we can Salvation have—
But JESUS came the World to save.

JESUS ! harmonious Name !
It charms the Hosts above !

† John xx. 17. || Acts iv. 12.

They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his Love !
'Tis all their Happiness to gaze,
'Tis Heaven to see our JESU'S Face.*

His Name the Sinner hears,
And is from Sin set free ;
'Tis Music in his Ears,
'Tis Life and Victory :
New Songs do now his Lips employ,†
And dances his glad Heart for Joy !

H Y M N XCII. TRINITY.

T E D E U M.

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praise,
Thy Goodness and Pow'r,
Thou God of all Grace !
With Honour and Blessing,
Before Thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
The FATHER of all.

The Heavens and Earth,
And Water, and Air.
To Thee owe their Birth,
Subsist by thy Care ;
Whilst Angels are singing
Thy Praises above,
We Mortals are bringing
Our Tribute of Love.

* 1 Cor. xiii. 12. † Pf. xl. 3

Thou, SAVIOUR, art one
 With God the Supreme,
 His eternal Son,
 And equal with Him :
 Invested with Glory,
 On high dost Thou sit,
 While Angels adore Thee,
 And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love !
 How wond'rous thy Grace !
 Thou cam'st from above
 To save a lost Race ;
 And, Man to deliver,
 Of Woman wast born,
 That ev'ry Believer
 To God might return.

How soon will thy Seat
 Of Judgment appear !
 Prepare us to meet,
 And welcome Thee there,
 Thy * witnessing Spirit
 In us shed abroad,
 And bid us inherit,
 The Kingdom of God.

* 1 John v. 6. latter Part.

H Y M N XCIII.

The Christian Race.

Heb. xii. 1, 2. former Part.

A WAKE our Souls, away our Fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone,
 Awake and run the heav'nly Race,
 And put a chearful Courage on.

True, tis a strait and thorny Road,
 And mortal Spirits tire and faint ;
 But we forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

Almighty God, thy matchless Pow'r
 Is ever new, and ever young ;
 And firm endures, while endless Years
 Their everlasting Circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
 Believers drink a fresh Supply,
 While such as trust their native Strength,
 Shall fade away, and droop, and die,

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
 Oh may we mount to thine Abode !
 On Wings of Love, to JESUS fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road !

H Y M N XCIV.

The Pilgrim's Hymn. A Dialogue.

TELL us, O Pilgrims, we wou'd know
 Whither so fast ye move ?
*We, call'd to leave a World below,
 Are seeking one above.*

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place
 That ye are trav'ling from ?
*From Tribulation, we, thro' Grace,
 Are now returning Home.*

Is not your native Dwelling here ?
 Like you not this abode ?
*We seek * a better Country far,
 A City built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend
 Short of that Bliss to rest ;
*Nor we, 'till in the Sinners' Friend,
 Our weary Souls are blest'd.*

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
 SAVIOUR, we ask no more ;
*Hail, Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
 Whom Heav'n and Earth adore !*

* Heb. xi. 10.

H Y M N XCV.

PSALM cxvii.

YE Nations who the Globe divide,
 Ye num'rous Nations. scatter'd wide,
 To God your grateful Voices raise :
 For all his boundless Mercies thown,
 His Truth to endless Ages known.
 Require our endless Love and Praise.
 To Him who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
 Our Guilt and Errors to remove :
 To that blest Spirit, who Grace imparts,
 Who rules in all Believing Hearts,
 Be ceaseless Glory, Praise, and Love :

H Y M N XCVI.

Ephes. ii. 13.

OF Him who did Salvation bring,
 LORD, may we ever think and sing ;
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive :
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
 Eternal LORD, Almighty King,
 All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring !
 Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
 Devils with Force, and Men with Love !

To purge our Sins, CHRIST shed his Blood,
 He dy'd to bring us near to God ;
 Let all the World fall down and know
 That none but God such Love could show.

H Y M N XC VII.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice:

Heb. x. 4, 10.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
 On Jewish Altars slain,
 Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
 Or wash away the Stain.

BUT CHRIST the heav'nly LAMB,
 Takes all our Sins away :
 A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
 And richer Blood than they !

My Faith would lay its Hand *
 On that dear Head of Thine,
 While like a Penitent I stand
 And there confess my Sin.

My Soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear, †
 When hanging on th' accursed Tree,
 And hopes her Guilt was there.

* Lev. i. 4. † 1 Pet. ii. 24.

Believing we rejoice,
 To see the Curse remove ; †
 We bless the LAMB with chearful Voice,
 And sing his bleeding Love.

H Y M N XCVIII.

TO JESUS CHRIST.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 O tune our Souls to Praise thy Name,
 Jesus! Unchangeable, the Same.
 If Angels, whilst to Thee they sing
 Wrap up their Faces in their Wing, †
 How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh,
 The great, the awful DEITY!
 Glory to Thee, auspicious LAMB!
 Thou holy LORD, Thou great I AM!
 With all our Pow'r thy Grace we bless,
 Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness!
 Live ever glorious Jesus! live,
 Worthy all Blessing to receive!
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit
 With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet!

† Gal. iii. 13. † Is. vi. 2, 3. compared with
 John xii. 41.

[100]
H Y M N XCIX.

The Same.

HOLY LAMB, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and Night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be !

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,
To thy Cross our Spirits bind ;
Earthly Passions far remove,
Perfect * all our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Misery !
Make us thine, thou SON of God !
Wash us in thy precious Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine ;
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n !

H Y M N C.

Unfruitfulness.

LONG have we sat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, LORD,
But still how weak our Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word !

* 1 John ii. 5.

Ofte we frequent thine holy Place,
Yet hear almost in vain :
How small a Portion of thy Grace
Do our false Hearts retain.

Our Gracious SAVIOUR and our God,
How little art Thou known,
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne !

How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fear !
How low our Hope of Joys above,
How few Affections there !

Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Success ;
Write thy Salvation on each Heart,
And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on high :
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love shall never die.

H Y M N C I.

CHRIST's Compassion for the Tempted.

Heb. ii. 17, 18.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High-Priest above ;

His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame ;
He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

He, in the Days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears :
And in his Meaſure feels aſreſh,†
What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,‡
But raiſe it to a Flame :
The bruifed Reed He never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.

Then, let our humble Faith addreſs
His Mercy and his Pow'r ;
We ſhall obtain delivering Grace.
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

* Heb. v. 7. † Heb. iv. 15. ‡ If. xlii. 3;
Matt. xii. 20.

HYMN CII.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Matt. xi. 25.

TIS thy good Pleasure, LORD,
That we are call'd to Thee ;
The Pow'r of thy Word,
Thy Truth can make us free. *

Things from the Prudent hid,
From † mighty Men conceal'd,
To us, from Blindness freed,
Thy Love hath now reveal'd.

LORD, let us know Thee more,
Remove each dimning Veil,
Increase our little Store
'Till § Heart and Flesh shall fail.

Increase our Faith and Hope,
|| Perfect our grateful Love,
Then, JESUS, † call us up,
The Heav'n of Heav'ns to prove.

To know Thee as we're known, **
To see Thee Face to Face,
To stand around thy Throne, ††
And sing—TRIUMPHANT GRACE.

* John viii. 32. † 1 Cor. i. 26. § Ps. lxxiii. 26.

|| 1 John iv. 17. † Rev. xi. 12. ** 1 Cor. xiii. 12. †† Rev. v. 9---14.

H Y M N CIII.

Invitation, Luke xiv. 12.

HITHER, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
 A sin-disorder'd trembling Throng :
 To you the Gospel calls, to you
 MESSIAH's Blessings all belong.

Reason's and Virue's boasting Sons*
 Derive no Blessings from his † Tree ;
 For Sinners only Jesus dy'd—
 Then sure I hear He dy'd for me !

'Twas with our Griefs MESSIAH groan'd ;
 'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd !
 Our Punishment he took, he bore,
 And Sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd !

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,
 And join the blissful Choirs above ;
 May nothing tune our future Song,
 But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love ;

H Y M N CIV.

M O R N I N G or E V I N I N G.

O GOD, how endless is thy Love !
 Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new ;
 And Morning Mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early Dew.

* Matt. ix. 12. † Acts v. 30. 1 Pet. ii. 24.

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours ;
Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

LORD, may we yield to thy Command,
To Thee still consecrate our Days !
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise !

H Y M N CV.

For the LORD's Day.

THIS is the Day the LORD hath made :
He calls the Hours his own ;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround the Throne.

To Day CHRIST rose, and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell ;
To day the Saints his Triumphs spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O LORD, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy Throne !

Hosanna in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise ;
The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler Praise.

H Y M N CVI.

Another.

SWEET is the Work, O God, our King,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing:
To shew thy Love by morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth by Night.

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
No mortal Care should seize our Breast;
O may our Hearts in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp, of solemn Sound!

Our Hearts should triumph in Thee, Lord,
And bless thy Works, and bless thy Word:
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

O may we see, and hear and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below;
May all our Pow'rs find sweet Employ
In CHRIST's eternal World of Joy!

H Y M N CVII.

A blessed GOSPEL.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound,
Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their REDEEMER's Name;
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan * dares condemn.

The LORD our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives :
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

H Y M N CVIII.

First and Second Adam.

DEEP in the Dust, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own ;
Great God ! we own th' unhappy Name,
Whence sprung our Nature and our Shame.

But whilst our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of thy Law :
We sing the Honours of thy Grace.
That sent to save a ruin'd Race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own :
Adam the second, from the Dust,†
Raises the Ruins of the First.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,†
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life ; there glorious Grace
Reigns thro' the || LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!

* Rom. viii. 34. † 1 Cor. xv. 22. ‡ Rom. v. 20.
|| Jer. xxiii. 6.

H Y M N CIX.

Longing for the House of God.

PSALM lxxxiv.

LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thine earthly Temples are !

To his Abode,
My Soul aspire,
With warm Desire,
To see thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !

O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there !

They praise CHRIST still ;
And happy they
Who love the Way
To Zion's Hill !

They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears ;

'Till each arrives at length,

'Till each in Heav'n appears.

O glorious Seat
Of God our King !—

LORD, thither bring
Our willing Feet !

The LORD his People loves :
His Hand no Good withholds

From those his Heart approves,
From * praying † humble Souls :
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in Thee !

H Y M N CX.

Adoring CHRIST.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
JESUS CHRIST, our Joy and Peace ;
Let our Praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's Right-hand in Heav'n !
Master, see ! To Thee we bow,
Thou art LORD, and only Thou ;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church, and Head.
Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King ;
Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.
Thou hast the glad Tidings brought ;
Of Salvation by Thee wrought ;
Wrought for all thy Church ! and we
Worship in their Company.

* Matt. vii. 7. † Is. lvii. 15.

We, thy little Flock, adore
Thee, the LORD for ever more;
Ever with us, shew thy Love,
'Till we join with those above!

H Y M N. CXL.

Praise to CHRIST.

HAIL ! thou once despised JESUS :
Hail ! thou Galilean King !
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free Salvation bring !
Hail thou glorious GOD and SAVIOUR,
Who hast borne our Sin and Shame,
By whose Merits we find Favour,
Life is giv'n thro' thy Name !
Paschal LAMB by GOD appointed,
All our Sins were on Thee laid ! *
By Almighty LOVE anointed,
Thou hast full Atonement made :
Ev'ry † Sin may be forgiv'n,
Thro' the virtue of thy Blood,
Open'd is the Gate of Heav'n, ‡
Peace is made 'twixt Man and GOD,
JESUS hail ! enthron'd in Glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heav'nly Hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy FATHER'S Side :

* Is. liii. 6. † John i. 7. ‡ Heb. x. 20.

There for Sinners † Thou art pleading, †
 " Spare them yet another Year." — ||
 Thou for Saints art interceding, †
 'Till in Glory they appear.

Worship, Honour, Pow'r and Blessing,
 CHRIST is worthy to receive —
 Loudest Praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give !
 Help, ye bright angelic Spirits,
 Bring your sweetest noblest Lays,
 Help to sing our Jesu's Merits ;
 Help, to chaunt IMMANUEL's Praise.

H Y M N CXII.

Another.

COME, let us all unite to praise
 The SAVIOUR of Mankind,
 Our thankful Hearts, in solemn Lays,
 Be with our Voices join'd.
 But how shall Dust his Worth declare,
 When Angels try in vain,
 Their * Faces veil when they appear
 Before the SON of MAN.

O LORD, we cannot silent be,
 By Love we are constrain'd
 To offer our best Thanks to Thee—
 Our SAVIOUR, and our Friend !

† Isliii. 12. latter Part. † 1 John. ii. 1.
 † Luke xiii. 8. § Heb. vii. 25. * Is. vi. 2.

Tho' feeble are our best Effays,
Thy Love will not despise;
Our grateful Songs of humble Praise,
Our well-meant Sacrifice.

Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness shew,
And spread abroad thy Fame,
Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred Name.

Worship and Honour, Thanks and Love,
Be to our JESUS giv'n !
By Men below—by Hosts above—
By all in Earth and Heav'n !

H Y M N CXIII.
S A L V A T I O N.

SALVATION ! O the joyful Sound !
What Pleasure to our Ears !
A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears !

Salvation ! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

H Y M N CXIV.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec:

THOU dear REDEEMER, dying LAMB!
 We love to hear of Thee;
 No Music like thy charming Name,
 Nor half so sweet can be!

O may we ever hear thy Voice,
 In Mercy to us speak!
 And in our Priest will we rejoice,
 Thou great & Melchisedec!

Our JESUS shall be still our Theme,
 While in this World we stay,
 We'll sing our JESU's lovely Name,
 When all Things else decay.

When we appear in yonder Cloud, ||
 With all his favour'd Throng, †
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And CHRIST shall be our Song.

H Y M N CXV.

*Delivered for our Offences---Raised again for our
 Justification. Rom. iv. 25.*

HE dies! the FRIEND of Sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's Daughters weep around
 A solemn & Darkness veils the Skies!
 A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground!

§ Ps. cx. 4. || Col. iii. 1. † Jude 14.
 * Luke xxiii. 27, 28. † Matt. xxvii. 45, 52.

Come Saints, and drop a Tear or two,
 For Him who groan'd beneath your Load;
 He shed a thousand Drops for you,
 A thousand Drops of richer Blood!

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for Men!
 But lo! what sudden Joys we see!

JESUS the Dead revives again!
 The rising GOD forsakes the Tomb!
 (The Tomb in vain forbids his rise!),
 Cherubic Legions guard him Home,
 And shout him welcome to the Skies!

Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell
 How high our Great Deliv'rer reigns!
 Sing how He spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
 And led the Monster Death in Chains!
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!"
 "Born to redeem! and strong to save!"
 Then ask the Monster—"Where's thy Sting?"
 "And where's thy Victory, boasting
 (Grave!"

H Y M N CXVI.

Gal. iii. 28. Col. iii. 11.

CHRIST, from whom all Blessings flow,
 Comforting thy Saints below,
 Hear us, who thy Nature share,
 Who thy mystic Body are,
 Join us, in one Spirit join:
 Let us still receive of Thine;

Still for more on Thee we call,
Thee who fillest All in All.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
Divers Gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy Will,
Let us all our Works fulfil;
Never from our Office move,
Helpful to each other prove,
Use the Grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the blessed God.

Many are we now, yet one,
We, who Jesus have put on:
There is neither Bond, nor Free;
Male nor Female, Lord, in Thee!
Love, like Death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all Distinctions void,
Names and Sects, and Parties fall,
Thou, O CHRIST, art All in All!

H Y M N. CXVII.

T H A N K S G I V I N G.

MY Soul repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great;
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
High as the Heav'ns are rais'd,
Above the Ground we tread,

So far the Riches of his Grace,
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning Flow'r;
If one sharp Blast sweeps o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions, Lord,
To endless Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promise sure.

H Y M N CXVIII.

1 John. iii. 21.

O Let thy Love our Hearts constrain,
Jesus the Crucify'd!
What hast Thou done our Hearts to gain?
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!
Us into closest Union draw,
And in our inward Parts,
Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
Let love command our Hearts.

Who would not now pursue the Way
Where JESU'S Footsteps shine !
Who would not own the pleasing Sway
Of Charity divine, !

O let us find the ancient Way,
Our wond'ring Foes to move,
And force the heathen World to say,
" See how these Christians love !"

H Y M N CXIX.

Nativity of CHRIST.

COME, thou long expected Jesus !
Born to set thy People free ; *

From our Fears and Sins release us,

Let us find our Rest in Thee !

Israel's Strength and Consolation,

Hope of all the Earth thou art ;

Dear Desire of ev'ry Nation, †

Joy of ev'ry longing Heart !

Born thy People to deliver,

Born a Child, and yet a King ; †

Born to reign § in us for ever,

Now thy gracious Kingdom bring ;

By thine own eternal Spirit,

Rule in all our Hearts alone ;

By thine all-sufficient Merit,

Raise us to thy glorious Throne !

* Matt. i. 21. † Hag. ii. 7. ‡ Matt. ii. 2.

§ Luke xvii. 21.

H Y M N CXX.

TO God the only wife,
 Our SAVIOUR, and our King,
 Let all the Saints below the Skies
 Their humble Praises bring.

'Tis his almighty Love,
 His Counsel and his Care,
 Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
 And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints
 Unblemish'd and compleat
 Before the Glory of his Face,
 With Joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen Seed
 Shall meet around the Throne,
 Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
 And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeeming God,
 Wisdom and Pow'r belongs.
 Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
 And everlasting Songs.

O Lord ! incline thy gracious Ear,
 My plaintive Sorrow weigh !
 To Thee for Succour I draw near,
 To Thee I humbly pray.
 Still will I call with lifted Eyes,
 " Come, O my God, and King,"
 Till thou regard my ceaseless Cries,
 And full Deliverance bring.
 On Thee, O God of Purity,
 I wait for cleansing Grace;
 None without * Holiness shall see
 The Glories of thy Face.
 In Souls unholy and unclean, †
 Thou never canst delight;
 Nor shall they, if unwar'd from Sin, ‡
 Appear before thy Sight.
 But as for me with humble Fear,
 I will approach thy Gate,
 Tho' most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in thy Courts to wait :
 I trust in thine unbounded Grace,
 Which is so freely giv'n,
 And worship in thy holy Place,
 And lift my Soul to Heav'n.

* Heb. xii. 14. † Pl. v. 4. ‡ Matt. i. 11.

Lead me in all thy righteous Ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide;
 Point out the Path before my Face,
 My God, be Thou my Guide!
 O may I ne'er to Evil yield,
 Defended from above,
 And kept, and cover'd with the shield
 Of thine almighty Love!

H Y M N CXXII.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
 At thy Feet we humbly bow;
 Oh! do not our Souls disdain,
 Shall we seek Thee, LORD, in vain?
 LORD, on thee our Souls depend:
 In Compassion now descend:
 Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
 Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.
 In thine own appointed Way,
 Now we seek Thee—here we stay,
 LORD, we know not how to go,
 Till a Blessing Thou bestow.
 Send some Message from thy Word;
 That may Joy and Peace afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full Salvation to each Heart.
 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the Time of Joy return;

Those who are cast down, lift up :
Make them strong in Faith and Hope !

Grant that All may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind ;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

H Y M N CXXIII.

For Persons joined in Fellowship.

TRY us, O God, and search the Ground
Of ev'ry sinful Heart :
Whate'er of Guilt in us is found,
O bid it all depart !

When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,*
But guide our feet into the Way
Of everlasting Peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's Cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly Aid afford,
And feel another's Care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little Stock improve,
Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

* John xiv. 18.

Then, when the mighty Work is wrought,
 Receive the ready Bride ; *
 Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
 With all the Sanctify'd.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Another.

JESUS, LORD, we look to Thee,
 Let us in thy Name agree,
 Shew Thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Bid our Jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling Love,
 Ev'ry Stumbling-block remove,
 Each to each unite, endear,
 Come and spread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
 Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
 Altogether like our LORD.†

Let us each for other care,
 Each another's Burden bear,
 To thy Church the Pattern give,
 Shew how true Believers live.

Let us then with Joy remove
 To thy Family above,
 On the Wings of Angels fly,
 Shew how true Believers die !

* Rev. xxi. 9. latter Part. † Matt. xi. 29.

H Y M N CXXV.

It is finish'd ! John xix. 30.

" 'TIS finish'd," the REDEEMER said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head ;
Whilst we this Sentence scan,
Come Sinners, and observe the Word,
Behold the Conquests of our LORD,
Compleat for helpless Man.

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace ;
Their mighty Debt is Paid :
Accusing Law, cancel'd by Blood,
And Wrath of an offended God
In sweet Oblivion laid.*

Who now shall urge a second Claim ? †
The Law, no longer can condemn,
Faith a Release can shew :
Justice itself a Friend appears,
The Prison-house a Whisper hears,
" Loose him and let him go," ‡

O Unbelief, injurious Bar !
Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
" 'Tis finish'd," still shall answer all,
And silence ev'ry Cry.

* Jer. xxxi. 34. † Rom. viii. 34. ‡ John xi. 44.

H Y M N CXXVI.

God's Goodness to his People.

PSALM xxiii.

THE LORD supplies his People's Need,
 JEHOVAH is his Name :
 In Pastures fresh he makes them feed
 Beside the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
 When they forsake his Ways,
 And leads them for his Mercy's Sake,
 In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
 His presence is their Stay ;
 A word of his supporting Breath
 Drives all-their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
 Doth still their Table spread,
 Their Cup with Blessings overflows,
 His Oil anoints their Head.

The sure Provisions of our God,
 Attend us all our Days ;
 O may his House be our Abode,
 And all our Work his Praise !

H Y M N CXXVII.

To the HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

COME, HOLY GHOST, our Souls
 inspire,
And lighten with Celestial Fire ;
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'nfold Gifts impart ;
 Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love,
 Enable with perpetual Light
The Dulness of our blinded Sight.
 Anoint and cheer our soiled Face
With the Abundance of thy Grace.
 Keep far our Foes, give Peace at home,
Where thou art Gu de, no Ill can come,
 Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
 That through the Ages all along,
This, this may be our endless Song ;
 Praise GOD, from whom all Blessings flow
 Praise Him, all Creatures here below ;
 Praise Him, above, ye heav'nly Host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

H Y M N CXXVIII. NATIVITY.

WHAT good News the Angels bringt
 What glad Tidings of our King !
 CHRIST the LORD is born to-day,
 CHRIST who takes our Sins away :

Him shall all his People see,
And rejoice eternally.

Lift your Hearts and Voices high,
With Hosannas fill the Sky ;
Glory be to God above,
God is infinite in Love :
Angels join with us in Praise,
Help to sing Redceming Grace.

JESUS is the lovely Name,
This the Angel doth proclaim ;*
He shall all his People save :
They in him Remission have :
They shall all be born again,
And with him in Glory reign.

H Y M N CXXIX.

An Act of Faith.

Habakkuk iii. 17, &c.

AWAY my unbelieving Fear !
Fear shall in me no more take Place !
My SAVIOUR doth not yet appear,
He hides the Brightness of his Face :
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the Tempter yield ?—
No—in the Strength of JESUS no—
I never will give up my Shield,

* Matt. i. 21.

Altho' the Vine its Fruit deny,
 Altho' the Olive yield no Oil,
 The withering Fig-tree droop and die,
 The Field blude the Tiller's Toil,
 The empty Stall no Herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating Race ;
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my Salvation praise.

Barren altho' my Soul remain,
 And no one Bud of Grace appear,
 No fruit of all my Toil and Pain,
 But Sin, and only Sin is here ; ||
 Altho' my Gifts and Comforts lost,
 My blooming Hopes cut off I see ;
 Yet will I in my SAVIOUR trust,*
 And glory that he dy'd for me.

In Hope, believing against Hope, †
 JESUS my LORD and GOD, I claim, §
 JESUS my Strength shall Lift me up,
 Salvation is in JESU'S Name : ||
 To me He soon shall bring it high, †
 My Soul shall then outstrip the Wind,
 On wings of Love mount up on high,
 And leave the World and Sin behind.

|| Rom. vii. 18, former Part. * Isa. I. 10.

† Rom. iv. 18. § John xx. 28. || Acts. iv. 12.

† Luke xxi. 28.

H Y M N CXXX.

*As the Sufferings of CHRIST abound in us, so
our Consolation also aboundeth by CHRIST.*

2 Cor. i. 5.

COME on my Part'ners in Distress,
My Comrades thro' the Wilderness,
Who still your Bodies feel !
Awhile forget your Griefs and Fears,
And look beyond the Vale of Tears
To that celestial Hill

See where the LAMB in Glory stands,*
Incircled with his radiant Bands,
And join the angelic Pow'rs;
For, all that Height of glorious Bliss,
Our everlasting Portion is,
And all that Heav'n is ours.

Who † suffer for their Master here,
Shall soon before his Face appear,
And by his Side sit down ; ‡
To patient Faith the Prize is sure,
And those, who to the End endure ¶
The Cross, shall wear the Crown.

Thrice blessed Bliss—Inspiring Hope !
It lifts the fainting Spirits up !
It brings to Life the Dead !

* Rev. v. 6. 9. † 2 Tim. ii. 12.

‡ Luke xiii. 29. ¶ Matt. x. 22.

Our Conflicts here shall soon be past,
And then we shall ascend at last,

Triumphant with our Head.

That great mysterious DAY

We soon with open Face shall see—

The Beatific Sight

Shall fill the heav'nly Courts with Praise,

And wide diffuse the golden Blaze

Of everlasting Light !

H Y M N CXXXI.

HOW happy the sorrowful Man,
Whose Sorrow is sent from above !
Indulg'd with a Visit of Pain,

Chastis'd by omnipotent Love :

The Author of all his Distress,

He comes by Affliction to know ;

And God, he in Heav'n shall bless,

That ever he suffer'd below.

Thus, thus may I happily grieve,

And hear the Intent of his Rod,

The Marks of Adoption receive,

The Strokes of a merciful God ;

With nearer Access to his Throne,

My Burthen of Folly confess,

The Cause of my Miseries own,

And cry for an Answer of Peace,

O FATHER of Mercies on me,

On me in Affliction bestow

A Pow'r of applying to thee,
 A sanctify'd Use of my Woe :
 I wou'd in a Spirit of Prayer,
 To all thy Appointments submit ;
 The Pledge of my Happiness bear,
 And joyfully die at thy Feet.

Then, FATHER, and never till then,
 I all the Felicity prove,
 Of living a Moment in Pain,
 Of dying in JESUS's Love ;
 A Sufferer here with my Load,
 With JESUS above I sit down,
 Receive an eternal Reward,
 And glory obtain in a Crown.

H Y M N CXXXII.

F U N E R A L H Y M N.

On the Death of a Believer.

A H lovely Appearance of Death,
 No Sight upon Earth is so fair ;
 Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
 Can with this dead Body compare ;
 With solemn Delight I survey
 The Corpse when the Spirit is fled,
 In Love with the beautiful Clay,
 And longing to lie in its Stead,

How blest the Believer, bereft
 Of all that can burthen the Mind !
 How easy the Soul that hath left
 This wearisome Body behind !
 Of Evil incapable thou,
 Whose Relicks with Envy I see :
 No longer in Misery now,
 No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more
 With Sicknes, or shaken with Pain !
 The War in the Members is o'er,
 And never shall vex them again :
 No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
 Shall redden this innocent Clay,
 Extinct is the animal Flame,
 And Passion is vanish'd away.

This languishing Head is at Rest,
 Its Thinking and Aching are o'er ;
 This quiet immoveable Breast
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more :
 This Heart is no longer the Seat
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain :
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

The Lids which so seldom could close,
 By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :

The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
 These Hollows from Water are free ;
 The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
 And Evil they never shall see.*

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a Prison I breathe,
 And still for Deliverance pine,
 And press to the Issues of Death :
 What now with my Tears I bedew,
 I wait the good Time to become,
 My Spirit created anew,
 My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb !

H Y M N CXXXIII.

Another.

HOSANNA to JESUS on high !
 Another is enter'd his Rest,
 Another escap'd to the Sky,
 And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's Breast ;
 The Soul, now deliver'd, is gone
 To heighen the Triumph above,
 Exalted to JESUS's Throne,
 Exalted by JESUS's Love !

How happy the Angels that fall §
 Transported at JESUS's Name !
 The Saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the Feast of the LAMB ! †

* Zeph. iii. 15. § Rev. v. 14.

† Rev. xix. 9.

No longer imprison'd in Clay,

Who next from his Dungeon shall fly ?
Who first shall be summoned away ?

My merciful God—is it I ?

O JESUS ! if this be thy Will,

That suddenly I should depart,

Thy Counsel of Mercy reveal,

And whisper the Call to my Heart :

O give me a Signal to know,

If soon Thou wouldst have me remove,

And leave the dull body below,

And fly to the Regions of Love.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

Another.

AND let this feeble Body fail,
And let it faint or die !

My Soul shall quit the mournful Vale,

And soar to Worlds on high :

Shall join the disembodied Saints,

And find its long-sought Rest,

That only Bliss for which it pants,

In the REDEEMER'S Breast.*

In hope of that immortal Crown,

I would not now complain,

But gladly wander up and down,

And smile at Toil and Pain :

* Alluding to Luke xvi. 22.

N

Still suff'ring on my threescore Years,*
 'Till my Deliv'rer come,
 And wipe away his Servant's Tears, ‖
 And take his exile home.

O what hath JESUS bought for me !
 Before my ravish'd Eyes,
 Rivers of Life † divine I see,
 And Trees of Paradise !
 I see a World of Spirits bright,
 Who taste the Pleasure there !
 They all are rob'd in spotless White, ‡
 And conqu'ring Palms they bear.

O what are all my Sorrows here,
 If LORD, thou mak'st me meet,
 With that enraptur'd Host t' appear,
 And worship at thy Feet !
 Give Joy or Grief. give Ease or Pain,
 Take Life and Friends away !
 But let me find them all again,
 In that eternal Day !

H Y M N CXXXV.

PSALM CXXX.

OUT of the Depth of Self-despair,
 Help us, O LORD, to cry :
 Our Mis'ry mark, attend our Pray'r
 And bring Salvation nigh.

* Ps. xc. 10. ‖ Rev. xxi. 4. † Rev. xxii.
 ‡ Is. xxv. 8. † Rev. vii. 9.

If thou art rig'rously severe,
 Who may the Test abide !
 O where shall sinful Man appear !
 Or how be justify'd !

But O ! Forgiveness is with thee, •
 That Sinners may adore,
 With filial Fear thy Goodness see,
 And never grieve Thee more.

Ye faithful Souls, confide in God,
 Mercy with Him remains ;
 Plenteous Redemption in his Blood,
 To wash out all your Stains.

His Israel Himself shall clear,
 From all their Sins redeem :
 The LORD our Right'ousness is near,
 And we are just in Him. †

H Y M N CXXXVI.

O My LORD, what must I do ?
 Only thou the Way canst shew ;
 Thou canst save me in this Hour,
 I have neither Will nor Power :
 God, if over all thou art,
 Greater than the sinful Heart :
 Let it now on me be shewn.
 Take away the Heart of Stone.

• Ps. cxlv. 18. † 2 Cor. v. 22.

Take away my darling Sin,
 Make me willing to be clean ;
 Make me willing to receive
 What thy Goodness waits to give ;
 Force me LORD, with all to part,
 Tear all Idols from my Heart ;
 Let thy Pow'r on me be shewn,
 Take away the Heart of Stone,

JESU, mighty to renew,
 Work in me to will and do ;
 Turn my Nature's rapid Tide,
 Stem the Torrent of my Pride,
 Stop the Whirlwind of my Will,
 Bid Corruption, LORD, be still ;
 Now thy Love almighty show,
 Make e'en me a Creature new.

Arm of God, thy Strength put on,
 Bow the Heav'ns, and come down ;
 All mine Unbelief o'erthrow,
 Lay th' aspiring Mountain low,
 Conquer thy worst Foe in me,
 Get thyself the Victory ;
 Save the vilest of the Race,
 Force me to be sav'd by Grace.

For one under Affliction : or, Temptation,

JESU, lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the nearer Waters roll,
 While the Tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR. hide,
 'Till the storm of Life is past :
 Safe into the Haven guide,
 O receive my Soul at last !
 Other Refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless Soul on Thee,
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my Trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All mine Help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless Head
 With the Shadow of thy Wing.*
 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
 More than All in Thee I find :
 Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
 Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
 Just and holy is thy Name,
 I am all Unrighteousness ! †
 Vile & full of Sin I am,
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace. ||

* Ps. xvii. 8. † Rom. vii. 18. & Job xl. 4.

|| John i. 14.

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to Pardon all my Sin :
 Let the healing Streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within :
 Thou of Life the || Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee,
 Spring Thou up within mine Heart,
 Rise to all Eternity ! †

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

Prayer for Seriousness.

THOU God of glorious Majesty !
 To Thee, against Myself, to Thee
 A Worm of Earth I cry :
 A sinful, guilty Child of Man, †
 An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain,
 A Sinner born to die.

Lo ! on a narrow Neck of Land,
 'Twixt two unbounded Seas I stand,
 Secure—insensible !
 A Point of Time, a Moment's Space,
 Removes me to that heav'nly Place,
 Or shuts me up in Hell !

O God ! mine inmost Soul convert !
 And deeply on my thoughtless Heart,
 Eternal Things impress !

Give me to feel their solemn Weight,
And tremble on the Brink of Fate,*

And wake to Righteousness ! §

* I am glad of an Opportunity to rescue this significant Word out of the Hands of the Infidels, who use it together with *Luck, Fortune, Chance, Destiny*, to promote their favourite Scheme of excluding the particular Providence of the Wise Disposer of all Events from the Government of the Affairs of Men.

But the Word Fate (*Fatum*) signifies---*What is SPOKEN*, from the Latin Word *FARI* to *speak*. *FATE* then eminently relates to what hath been *spoken* by the most HIGH GOD : So *Minutius Felix*, that able Lawyer and great Scholar in *St. Cyprian's* Time, says, *Nil aliud est FATUM quam quod de unoquoque Nostrum Deus FATUS est*. *FATE* is nothing else than what GOD hath SPOKEN concerning every one of us. Even the Heathens had this Idea of it ; for says *Statius*, *FATUM est quod Dii FANTUR*. *FATE* is that which the Gods speak.

In this truly Christian and excellent Hymn, the Word *Fate* may be supposed to relate to the awful Word which GOD *speaks*, when he declared to fallen Man, *Dust thou art, and unto Dust shalt thou return*. Gen. iii. 19. latter Part. In this View, the Word *Fate* may properly signify *Death*, and Diseases may be said to appear more or less *Fatal*, as they seem more or less likely to fulfil GOD's Word, by bringing us to the Dust.

§ 1. Cor. xv. 34.

Before me place in dread Array,
 The Pomp of that tremendous Day,
 When thou with Clouds shalt come †
 To Judge the Nations at thy Bar.
 And tell me, LORD, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful Doom!

Be this my one great Business here,
 With serious Industry and Fear,
 My future Bliss t' insure!
 Thine utmost Counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous Will.
 And to the End endure!

Then, SAVIOUR, then my Soul receive,
 Transported from this Vale to live
 And reign with Thee above,
 Where FAITH is sweetly lost in Sight,
 And HOPE in full supreme Delight,
 And everlasting Love.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

Desiring Perseverance.

THOU JESUS art our King!
 Thy ceaseless Praise we sing;
 Praise shall our glad Tongue employ,
 Praise o'erflow our grateful Soul,
 While we vital Breath enjoy,
 While eternal Ages roll.

Thou art th' eternal Light,
 Thou shin'st in deepest Night,*

† Mat. xxiv. 30. * John i. 4, 5. If. lx. 1, 2.

Wond'ring gaz'd th' angelic Train, †
 While thou bow'dst the Heav'n beneath ;
 God with God wert Man with Man,
 Man to save from endless Death !

Thou with our Pain didst mourn,
 Thou hast our Sickness borne : §
 All our Sins on Thee were laid ;
 Thou with unexampl'd Grace
 All the mighty Debt has paid,
 Due from all the ransom'd Race !

Enthron'd above yon Sky,
 Thou reign st with God most high :
 Prostrate at thy Feet we fall !
 Pow'r supreme to Thee is giv'n,
 Thee the right'ous Judge of all,
 Thee the Lord of Earth and Heav'n !

O LORD, O GOD of Love !
 Let us thy Mercy prove !
 Help us to obtain the Prize,
 Help us well to close our Race ;
 That with Thee above the Skies,
 Endless Joy we may possess !

† Luke ii. 13. § Isa. liii. 4. Matt. viii. 17.
 ‡ Eph. vi. 12.

H Y M N CXL.

Heb. xii. 2.

HOW glorious the LAMB
Is seen on his Throne !
His Labours are o'er,
His Conquests put on :
A Kingdom is given *
Into the LAMB's Hand,
In Earth and in Heaven,
For ever to stand.

Ye Sinners below,
Then trust in the LORD ;
Look up to his Arm, †
His Honour, his Word :
A thirst for his Favour,
His Godhead Adore ;
Look up to your SAVIOUR,
And Joy ever more !

H Y M N CXLI.

God hath said, I will dwell in them,
2 Cor. vi. 16.

SAVIOUR ! and can it be,
That Thou shouldst dwell with me !
From thine high and lofty Throne,
Throne of everlasting Bliss ;

* Dan. vii. 13, 14. † Isa. liii. 1.

Will thy Majesty stoop down, *
To so mean an House as this!

I am not worthy, Lord,
So vile, and self-abhor'd,
Thee, my God, to entertain
In this poor polluted Heart :
I am a frail sinful Man,
All my Nature cries, " Depart ! " §
Yet come ! thou heav'nly Guest,
And purify my Breast !
Come ! thou great and glorious King !
While before thy Cross we bow,
With Thyself Salvation bring,
Cleanse the House by ent'ring now !

H Y M N CXLII.

Self-Dedication.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE !
As by the celestial Host,
Let thy Will on Earth be done !
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious LORD of Earth and Heav'n !
If so poor a Worm as I
May to thy great Glory live,
All mine Actions sanctify,
All my Thoughts and Words receive !

* Isa. lvii. 15. § Luke v. 8.

Claim me for thy Service—claim
All I have and all I am !

Take my Soul and Body's Pow'rs,
Take my Mem'ry, Mind and Will,
All my Goods, and all mine Hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and speak, and do :
Take my Heart—but make it new !

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,
As by the celestial Host,

Let thy Will on Earth be done !
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious LORD of Earth and Heav'n !

H Y M N CXLIII.

For the Arians, Socinians, Deists,
Pelagians, &c.

SOLE self-existing God most high,
From all eternity the same ;
No longer let thy Foes deny
Thy Godhead, and revile thy Name ;
JESUS, JEHOVAH, JAH descend,
And bid the Hour of Darkness end !
The Star * (in thy Right-hand no more)
Which on the imbitter'd Waters fell,
How has he shed his baleful Pow'r,
Wasted the Earth, and peopled Hell,

* See Rev. viii. 12.

While Millions drink the *Arian* Lie,
Or poison'd by *Socinus* die !

Less pestilent the Men who dare
Thy Coming in the Flesh gainsay,
And sitting in the Scorners's Chair,
Cast all thine Oracles away,
Led by their own *sufficient* Light
To Horrors of eternal Night.

How long shall Antichrist blaspheme,
And trample on thy written Will ?
How long shall the *Pelagian* Dream,
The Doom of fallen Spirits seal ?
And Error in ten-thousand Forms
Destroy the Souls of wretched Worms ?*

Destroy the Souls—which cannot end !
Tho' Satan may a while deceive,
That Liar old, and murd'rous Fiend,
Who tells them, " They at last shall live ;"
Extinguishes th' eternal Fire,
And makes the deathless Worm expire. †

What but th' essential Truth divine
Can all this Gloom of Hell disperse !
JESUS, the FATHER's Glory, shine,
To teach our dark'ned Universe,

* Job xxv. 6. † Is. lxvi. 24. Mark ix. 44.

In ev'ry new-born Soul to prove,
That THOU art GOD, and, GOD is LOVE! §§

GLORIA PATRI.

O FATHER of Heav'n! be ever ador'd!
Thy Mercy we find, in sending our LORD,
To ransom and bless us, thy Goodness we
(praise,
For sending in Jesus Salvation by Grace.*

O SON of his Love! who deignedst to die,
Our curse to remove, our Pardon to buy;
Accept our Thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
Who openest Heav'n to all that believe.

O Spirit of Love, of Health and of Pow'r!
Thy† Working we prove; thy Grace we adore,
Whose inward‡ Revealing applies our LORD's
(Blood,

¶ Attesting and § sealing us Children of GOD.

PRAISE GOD from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heav'nly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD whom we adore;
Be Glory as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

§§ 1 John iv. 16.

* Eph. ii. 8. † Eph. iii. 20. ‡ 1 Cor. ii. 10.

¶ 1 John v. 6, latter Part. § Eph. iv. 30.

SING we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his Love ;
 Praise him all ye heav'nly Host,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One God whom we adore :
 Join we with the heav'nly Host
 To praise Thee evermore ;
 Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd
 THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE ;
 Holy, holy, holy, ~~Love,~~
 All Glory be to Thee.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear SON, who deign'd to die,
 Our Guilt and Mis'ry to remove,
 To that blest Sp'rit, who Life imparts,
 Who rules in all believing Hearts,
 Be endless Glory, Praise and Love.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Be Praise amidst the heav'nly Host,
 And in the Church below ;
 From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,
 By whom Redemption blest the Earth,
 From whom all Comforts flow.

GIVE to the FATHER Praise,
 Give Glory to the SON,
 And to the SPIRIT of his Grace
 A Be equal Honour done.

H Y M N S

F O R T H E

S A C R A M E N T.

H Y M N CXLIV.

COME, HOLY GHOST, thine Influence
 And realize the Sign (shed,
 Thy Life infuse into the Bread,
 Thy Pow'r into the Wine.
 Effectual let the Tokens prove,
 And made by heav'nly Art,
 Fit Channels to convey thy Love
 To ev'ry faithful Heart.

H Y M N CXLV.

1 Cor. xi. 23—27.

TWAS on that dark, that doleful Night,
 When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose
 Against the Son of God's Delight,
 And Friends betray'd Him to his Foes :

Before the mournful Scene began,

He took the Bread, and blest'd, and brake ;
What Love thro' all his Actions ran !

What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake !

“ This is my Body broke for Sin,

“ Receive and eat the living Food.”

Then took the Cup, and blest'd the Wine !

“ This the New Cov'nant in my Blood.

“ Do this (he cry'd) 'till time shall end,

“ In Mem'ry of your dying Friend ;

“ Meet at my Table, and record

“ The Love of your departed LORD.”

JESUS thy Feast we celebrate,

We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,
Till Thou return'st, and we shall eat

The Marriage-Supper of the LAMB.†

H Y M N CXLVI.

JESUS invites his Saints,

To meet around his Board !

Here pardon'd Rebels sit and hold

Communion with their LORD.

For Food he gives his Flesh :

He bids us drink his Blood :

Amazing Favour ! Matchless Grace

Of our redeeming God.

* 1 Cor. xi. 26. † Rev. xix. 9,

Let all our Pow'rs be join'd
His glorious Name to raise ;
Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry Mind,
And ev'ry Voice be Praise.

H Y M N CXLVII.

CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed for us.

1 Cor. v. 7.

THOU very Paschal LAMB,
Whose Blood for us was shed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd People lead !

Angel of Gospel-Grace,
Fulfil thy Character,
To guard and feed thy chosen Race,
In Israel's Camp appear !
Throughout the Desert-way,
Conduct us by thy Light !
Be Thou a cooling Cloud by Day,
A chearing Fire by Night.

Our fainting Souls sustain
With Blessings from above,
And ever on thy People rain
The Manna of thy Love !

H Y M N CXLVIII.

CHRIST our Passover, for us
Is offered up and slain !
Let Him be remember'd thus

By ev'ry Soul of Man :
We are bound among the rest
His Obligation to proclaim !
Keep we then the solemn Feast,
And banquet on the LAMB.

JESUS, Master of the Feast,
The Feast itself Thou art,
Now to receive the meanest Guest,
And comfort ev'ry Heart :
Give us living Bread to eat,*
Manna that from Heav'n comes down ;
Fill us with immortal Meat,
And make thy Nature known.

In this barren Wilderness,
Thou hast a Table spread,
Furnish'd out with richest Grace,
Whate'er our Souls can need :
Still sustain us by thy Love,
Still thy servants Strength repair,
Till we reach the Courts above,
And feast for ever there !

* John vi. 50, 51.

H Y M N CXLIX.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding Love
We thus recall to Mind,
Send thy Blessings from above,

And let us Mercy find :

Think on us who think on Thee,
And ev'ry struggling Soul release ;

O remember, Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace.

By thine agonizing Pain,
And bloody Sweat we pray ;

By thy dying Love to Man,
* Take all our Sins away :

Burst our Bonds, and set us free,
From all Iniquity release :

O remember, Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace.

Let thy Blood by Faith apply'd,
The Sinner's Pardon seal ;

Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our Sickness heal.

By thy Passion on the Tree,
Let all our Griefs and Troubles cease :

O remember, Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace.

Never let us hence depart,
Till Thou our Wants relieve :

Write Forgiveness in our Hearts,
And all thine Image give ;
May our Souls still cry to Thee,
Till perfected in Holiness ; *
O remember, Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace !

H Y M N CL.

Luke xiv. 15.

HAPPY the Man to whom 'tis giv'n
To eat the Bread of Life in Heav'n—
This Happiness in CHRIST they'll prove,
Who feed on his forgiving Love.

H Y M N CLI.

COME HOLY GHOST, set to thy Seal, †
Thine inward witness Give,
To all our waiting Souls reveal
The Death by which we live.
Spectators of the Pangs divine,
O that we now may be,
Discerning in the sacred Sign,
His passion on the Tree.
Repeat the SAVIOUR'S dying Cry
In ev'ry Heart so loud,
That ev'ry Heart may now reply,
“ This was the SON of GOD !” §

* 2 Cor. vii. 1. † Eph. i. 13. § Matt. xxvii. 54.

H Y M N CLII.

THANKFUL for our ev'ry Blessing,
 Let us sing,
 CHRIST the Spring,
 Never, never ceasing.
 Source of all our Gifts and Graces,
 CHRIST we own,
 CHRIST alone,
 Calls for all our Praises.
 He dispels our Sin and Sadness,
 Life imparts,
 Chea's our Hearts,
 Fills with Food and Gladness.
 He Himself for us hath giv'n,
 Us he feeds,
 Us he leads
 To a feast in Heav'n.*

H Y M N CLIII.

NOW to the LORD a noble Song!
 Awake, my Soul; awake, my Tongue;
 Hosannah to th' eternal Name,
 And all his boundless Love proclaim.
 See where it shines in JESU'S Face,
 The brightest Image of his Grace;

* Rev. xix. 9.

GOD, in the Person of his SON,
Has all his mighty Works out-done.

Oh, may I live to reach that Place
Where he unveils his lovely Face !
Where all his Beauties they behold,
And sing his Name on Harps of Gold !

H Y M N CLIV.

WHY does your Face, ye humble Souls,
Those mournful Colours wear ;
What Doubts are these that waste your Faith,
And nourish your Despair ?

What tho' your num'rous Sins exceed
The Stars that fill the Skies,
And, aiming at th' eternal Throne,
Like pointed Mountains rise.

See here an endless Ocean flows
Of never-failing Grace :
Behold a dying SAVIOUR'S Veins
The sacred Flood increase.

Awake, our Hearts, adore the Grace,
That buries all our Faults,
And pard'ning Blood, that swells above,
Our Follies and our Thoughts.

H Y M N CLV.

LAMB of God, for whom we languish,
 Make thy Grief, our Relief,
 Ease us by thine Anguish !

O our agonizing SAVIOUR !
 By thy Pain, let us gain
 God's eternal Favour !

In thine own Appointment bless us ;
 Meet us here, now appear,
 Our Almighty JESUS !

Let the Ordinance be sealing ; *
 Enter now, claim us Thou
 For thy constant Dwelling.

Fill the Heart of each Believer :
 Make us thine, Love divine,
 Reign in us for ever.

H Y M N CLVI.

IN JESUS we live, in JESUS we rest,
 And thankful receive his dying Bequest ;
 The Cup of Salvation his Mercy bestows,
 And from his dear Passion our Happiness flows.

With mystical Wine He comforts us here,
 And Gladly we join, 'till JESUS appear,

* 2 Cor. i. 22.

With hearty Thanksgiving his Death to record,
The Living, the Living should sing of the
(LORD.)

He hallow'd the Cup, which now we receive,
The Pledge of our Hope with Jesus to live,
Where Sorrow and Sadness shall never be
(found.

With Glory and Gladness eternally crown'd.
The Fruit of the Vine, the Joy it implies,
Again we shall join to drink in the Skies ;
Exult in his Favour, our Triumph renew,
And I, saith the SAVIOUR, will drink it with
(you.*

H Y M N CLVII.

WHEN the first Parents of our Race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the Infection of their Sin
Had tainted all our Blood.

Infinite Pity touch'd the Heart
Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heav'nly Court,
He left his Father's Throne.

His living Pow'r, and dying Love,
Redeem'd unhappy Men,
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
To Life and God again.

|| Is. xxxviii. 19. * Matt. xxvi. 29.

To Thee, dear LORD, our Flesh and Soul
 We'd joyfully resign :
 Bless'd JESUS, take us for thy own,
 For we are doubly thine.

H Y M N CLVIII.

On the C R U C I F I X I O N.

Matt. xxvii. 50—54.

TIS done ! th' atoning Work is done !
 JESUS the great REDEEMER dies !
 All Nature feels th' important Groan :
 Loud echoing thro' the Earth and Skies !
 The Earth doth to her Center quake,
 And Heav'n, as Hell's deep Gloom, is black !
 The Temple's Veil is rent in twain,
 While JESUS meekly bows his Head,
 The Rocks resent his mortal Pain,
 The yawning Graves give up their Dead,
 The Bodies of the Saints arise,
 Reviving as their SAVIOUR dies.

And shall not we his Death partake,
 In sympathetic Anguish groan ?
 O SAVIOUR, let thy Passion shake
 Our Earth, and rend our Hearts of Stone !
 To second Life our Souls restore,
 And wake us that we sleep no more !

HYMN CLIX.

Another.

GOD of unexampled Grace,
REDEEMER of Mankind,
 Matter of eternal Praise,
 We in thy Passion find ;
 Still our choicest Strains we bring,
 Still the joyful Theme pursue,
 Thee the Friend of Sinners sing,
 Whose Love is ever new.

Endless Scenes of Wonder rise
 With that mysterious Tree,
 Crucify'd before our Eyes,
 Where we our Maker see ;
JESUS, **L**ORD, what hast Thou done !
 Publish we thy Death divine,
 Stop and gaze, and fall, and own,
 Never was Love like thine !

Never Love nor Sorrow was
 Like that our **J**ESUS shew'd ;
 See him stretch'd on yonder Cross,
 And crush'd beneath our Load !
 Now discern the **D**EITY,
 Now his heav'nly Birth declare !
 Faith cries out, 'Tis He, 'tis He,
 My God who suffers there !

LORD we bleſs Thee for thy Grace,
 And I ruth which never fail,
 Halt'ning to behold thy Face,
 Without a dimming Veil.
 We ſhall ſee our heav'nly King,
 All thy glorious Love proclaim,
 Help the Angel-quire to ſing
 Our dear triumphant LAMB.

H Y M N CLX.

BLESS'D are the humble Souls that ſee
 Their emptineſs and Poverty ;
 Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,
 And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.
 Bleſs'd are the Men of broken Heart,
 Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart ;
 The Blood of CHRIST divinely flows,
 A healing Balm for all their Woes.
 Bleſs'd are the Souls that thirſt for Grace,
 Hunger and long for Righteouſneſs ;
 They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
 With living Streams and living Bread.

H Y M N CLXI.

FATHER, God, who ſee'ſt in Me,
 Only Sin and Miſery,
 See thine own anointed One,
 Look on thy beloved SON.

Turn from me thy glorious Eyes :
 To that bloody Sacrifice,
 To the full Atonement made,
 To the utmost Ransom paid.
 To the Blood that speaks above, †
 Calls for thy forgiving Love :
 'To the tokens of his Death,
 Here exhibited beneath.
 Hear his Blood's prevailing Cry,
 Let thy * Bowels then reply ;
 Then thro' him the Sinner see,
 Then in Jesus look on Me !

H Y M N CLXII.

GOD of all redeeming Grace,
 By thy pardoning Love compell'd,
 Up to Thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our Bodies yield.
 Thou our Sacrifice receive,
 Acceptable thro' thy Son ;
 While to Thee alone we live,
 While we die to Thee alone.
 Just it is, and good, and right,
 That we should be wholly Thine,
 In thine only Will delight,
 In thy blessed Service join.

† Heb. xii. 24. * 1st. lxiii. 15.

O that ev'ry Thought and Word
Might proclaim how good Thou art,
Holiness unto the LORD, *
Still be written on our Heart !

H Y M N CLXIII.

(Due,
ALL Praise to the LORD, all Praise is his
To-day is his Word of Promise found
(true !
We, we are the Nations presented to God,
Well-pleasing Oblations thro' Jesus's Blood.
Poor Gentiles from far to Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are to God thro' his Name ;
To God thro' the Spirit ourselves may we give,
While sav'd by the Merit of Jesus we live.

H Y M N CLXIV.

OUR Lives our Blood we here present,
If for thy Sake they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, LORD,
Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd.

Give us thy Strength, O God of Pow'r,
Then let Men scorn, and Satan roar ;
Thy faithful Witnesses we'll be :
'Tis fix'd—We can do all thro' Thee—

* Exod. xxviii, 36.

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H Y M N CLXV.

C H R I S T M A S - D A Y.

GIVE Thanks to God most high,
The universal LORD,
The sov'reign King of Kings,
And be his Grace ador'd :
His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

How mighty is his Hand,
What Wonders hath he done !
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And spread the Heav'ns alone :
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He saw the Nations lie,
All perishing in Sin,
And pity'd the sad State
The ruin'd World was in :
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe,

From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Hoe:

His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

H Y M N CLXVI.

Eph. iii. 17, &c.

COME JESUS, come, descend and dwell,
By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable Grace. (Length^{*}

Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done,
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST his SON!

H Y M N CLXVII.

COME to the Feast, for CHRIST invites^{*}
And promises to feed, †
'Tis here his closest Love unites
The Members to their Head.

* Eph. iii. 18, 19. † John vi. 53.

Tis here he nourishes his own,
 With living Bread from Heav'n,*
 Or makes himself to Mourners known,†
 And shews their Sins forgiven

Still in his instituted Ways
 He bids us ask the Pow'r,
 The pard'ning or the hall'wing Grace,
 And wait th' appointed Hour.

Who seek Redemption thro' his Love,
 His love shall them redeem :
 He came & Self-emptied from above,
 That we might live thro' him.

Expect we then the quick'ning Word,
 Who at his Altar bow ;
 But if it be thy Pleasure, LORD,
 O let us find Thee now !

H Y M N CLXVIII.

ALL Glory and Praise.
 To the Ancient of Days, ||
 Who was born, and was slain to redeem a
 (lost Race.

* John vi. 33. † Matt. v. 4. § So the Greek signifies, Phil. ii. 7. former Part. || Dan. vii. 9. with Rev. i. 13---15.

Salvation to God,
Who carried our Load,
And purchas'd our Peace with the Price of
(his Blood.

And shall he not have
The Lives which he gave
Such an infinite Ransom for ever to save ?

Yes, LORD, we'd be thine,
And gladly resign
Our Souls to be fill'd with the Fulness divine.

We'd yield Thee thine own,
We'd serve Thee alone,
Thy Will upon Earth as in Heaven be done.

How, when it shall be,
We cannot foresee,
But oh ! let us live, let us die unto Thee !

H Y M N CLXIX.

OUR Shepherd alone,
The LORD let us bless,
Who reigns on the Throne
The Prince of our Peace:
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his Blood ;
All hail, holy JESUS,
Our LORD, and our God !

We daily will sing
 Thy Merits, thy Praise,
 Thou merciful Spring
 Of Pity and Grace :
 Thy Kindness for ever
 To Men we will tell,
 And say, our dear SAVIOUR
 Redeems us from Hell.

Preserve us in Love,
 While here we abide :
 Nor never remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide,
 Thy glorious Salvation,
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful Vision*
 Completed in Thee !

H Y M N CLXX.

FATHER of Earth and Heav'n,
 Thine hung'ring Children feed,
 Thy Grace be to our Spirits giv'n,
 That true immortal Bread ;
 Grant us and all our Race,
 In JESUS CHRIST to prove,
 The Sweetness of thy pard'ning Grace,
 The Manna of thy Love !

* Is. xxxiii. 17, former Part.

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H Y M N CLXXI.

At Dismission.

FATHER, thro' thy SON receive
Our grateful Sacrifice,
All the Wants of All that live,
Thine open Hand supplies :
Fills the World with plenteous Food—
For the Riches of thy Grace,
Take, thou universal King,
The universal Praise.

GLORY, Honour,
Praise and Pow'r,
Be unto the LAMB for ever,
JESUS CHRIST is our REDEEMER :
Hallelujah,
Amen.

DISMISS us with thy Blessing, LORD,
Help us to feed upon thy WORD :
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy Truth within us live.

H Y M N CLXXII.

For CHRISTMAS DAY.

LIFT up your Heads in joyful Hope,
 Salute the happy Morn :
 Each Heav'nly Pow'r
 Proclaims the glad Hour,
 Lo, JESUS the SAVIOUR is born.
 All Glory be to GOD on high,
 To him all Praise is due ;
 The Promise is seal'd.
 The SAVIOUR's reveal'd,
 And proves that the Record is true,
 Let Joy around like Rivers flow,
 Flow on, and still increase !
 Spread o'er the glad Earth,
 At JESUS's Birth,
 For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.
 Now the Good will of Heav'n is shewn
 Tow'rd's Adam's helpless Race :
 MESSIAH is come
 To ransom his Own,
 To save them by infinite Grace.

Then let us join the Heav'ns above.
 Where hymning Seraphs sing,
 Join all the glad Pow'rs,
 For their LORD is Ours,
 Our PROPHET, our PRIEST, and our KING.

H Y M N CLXXIII.

REDEEMING LOVE

NOW begin the heav'nly Theme,
 Sing aloud in JESU's Name,
 Ye who JESU's Kindness prove,
 Triumph in REDEEMING LOVE.

Ye who see the FATHER's Grace,
 Beaming in the SAVIOUR's Face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless REDEEMING LOVE.

Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,
 Banish all your guilty Fears,
 See your Guilt and Curse remove,
 Cancell'd by REDEEMING LOVE.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
 Now from Bliss no longer rove,
 Stop—and taste REDEEMING LOVE.

Welcome all by Sin oppress,
 Welcome to his sacred Rest,
 Nothing brought him from above;
 Nothing but REDEEMING LOVE.

He subdu'd the infernal Pow'rs,
 Those tremendous Foes of ours,
 From their cursed Empire drove,
 Mighty in REDEEMING LOVE,
 Hither then your Music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful String,
 Mortals join the Hosts above,
 Join to praise REDEEMING LOVE.

H Y M N CLXXIV.

For GOOD FRIDAY. I

WHO hath our Report believ'd? *a*
 SHILOH come is not received, *b*
 Not received by his own, *c*
 Promis'd BRANCH from Root of JESSE, *d*
 DAVID'S Offspring sent to bless ye, *e*
 Comes too meekly to be known. *f*
 Tell me. O thou favour'd Nation,
 What is thy fond Expectation?
 Some fair, spreading lofty Tree? *g*

a If. liii. 1. *b* Gen. xlix. 10. *c* John i. 11. *d* If. xi. 1. Jer. xxiii. 5. *e* Rev. xxii. 16. Acts iii. 26. *f* Zech. ix. 9. Matt. xxi. 5. *g* The Scripture Image of a splendid mighty Monarch. Dan. iv. 10.

Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
'Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
Mark the LOWEST—that is HE.

Like a tender Plant that's growing i
Where no Waters, friendly flowing,
No kind Rains refresh the Ground :
Drooping, dying we shall view Him,
See no Charm to draw us to Him,
There no Beauty will be found.

LO ! MESSIAH unrespected ! &
MAN OF GRIEFS, DESPIS'D, REJECTED !
Wounds his Form disfiguring, /
Marr'd his Visage more than any, &
For he bears the Sins of MANY, &
All our Sorrows carrying. o

No Deceit his Mouth hath spoken, p
BLAMELESS He no Law hath broken,
Yet was number'd with the WORST : q
For because the LORD would grieve Him,
We, who saw it, did believe Him, r
For his own Offences curst.

But while him our Thoughts accused : s
He for us alone was bruised,
Stricken, smitten for OUR GUILT :

q Is. liii. 2. & Is. liii. 3. / Zech. xiii. 6. o Is. liii. 14.
s Is. liii. 12. o Is. liii. 4. p Is. liii. 9. q Is. liii. 12.
r Is. liii. 4, 10. s Is. liii. 4, 5.

With his Stripes, Our Wounds are cured,
By his Pains, Our Peace assured, *r*
Purchas'd with the BLOOD He spilt. *u*

Love amazing ! so to mind us, *x*
SHEPHERD come from Heav'n to find us, *y*
Silly Sheep all gone astray, *z*
LOST, UNDONE by our Transgressions,
Worse than stripp'd of all Possessions,
DEBTORS without HOPE to pay. *a*

FEAR our Portion, SLAVES in Spirit,— *b*
He redeem'd Us by his MERIT

To a Glorious LIBERTY : *c*
Dearly first his Goodness bought us, *d*
'TRUTH and LOVE then sweetly taught us, *e*
TRUTH and LOVE have made us free. *f*

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,
FREELY gave his SON to save us, *g*
BLESS'D the SON who freely came :
HONOUR, BLESSING, ADORATION, *b*
Ever, from the whole Creation,
Be to GOD, and to the LAMB.

r Rom. v. 1. *Is.* liii. 5. *u* 1 Pet. i. 19. *x* Ps. viii. 4.
y Matt. xviii. 11, 12. 13. *z* *Is.* liii. 6. *a* Luke vii.
42. *b* Rom. viii. 15, 21. *Heb.* ii. 15. *c* Rom. viii.
21. *d* 1 Cor. vi. 20. *John* x. 11. *e* *John* i. 17.
f *John* viii. 32. *g* *John* iii. 16. *1 John* v. 9. *b* Rev.
v. 9, 13.

H Y M N CLXXV.

*The Christians Triumph in the Righteousness of the
LORD JESUS CHRIST.*

JESU thy Blood and Righteousness,
My * Beauty are, my glorious Dress,
'Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,
With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

When from the Dust of Death I rise
To claim my † Mansion in the Skies,
Ev'n then, shall this be all my Plea :

“ JESUS hath *liv'd* and *dy'd* for me.”

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who ought to my Charge shall lay ?
Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
SAVIOUR of Sinners Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am. ||

This spotless Robe the same appears
When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years !
No age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of CHRIST is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice, ‡
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice,

* H. xxviii. 5---lxi. 10. Rev. vii. 13, 14:

† John xiv. 2. § Rom. viii. 33. || 1 Tim. i. 23.

‡ John v. 25. Eph. ii. 1.

Their beauty this, their glorious Dress
 JESUS, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

H Y M N CLXXVI.

GOD forbid that I should glory, &c. Gal. vi. 14.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
 My richest Gain I'd count my Loss,
 And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it LORD, that I should boast,
 Save in the Cross of CHRIST, my GOD :
 All the vain Things that charm me most,
 I'd sacrifice them for thy Blood.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

Thy Word is Truth. John xvii. 17.

MY hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r
 And Shield, art thou, O LORD,
 I firmly anchor all my Hopes,
 On thy unerring Word.*

Engrav'd, as in eternal Brass,
 The mighty Promise shines !
 Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze
 Those everlasting Lines.

The sacred Word of Grace is strong,
 As that which built the Skies,
 The Voice which rolls the Stars along,
 Spake all the Promises.

* Ps. cxix. 74, 147.

My hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r
 And shield, art Thou, O LORD,
 I firmly Anchor all my Hopes
 On thy unerring Word.

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

Ascribing to God the Praise of our Salvation.

HOW empty was our former Boast,
 Our Foolishness of Pride,
 When in ourselves we put our Trust,
 And on our Works rely'd !

Strong in the Freedom of our Will,
 Firm in our Nature's Pow'rs,
 We thought to gain the heav'nly Hill,
 And seize the Crown as ours.

Our good Desires, our Hearts sincere,
 Our best Endeavours stood,
 T' atone for our Transgressions here,
 In Place of JESU'S Blood.

Alas, for us : we knew not then
 His BLOOD and RIGHTEOUSNESS,
 Thro' which alone the Sons of Men
 Are sav'd by richest Grace.

But now, O gracious God, thy Love
 Hath taught us better Things ;
 Our All is giv'n us from above,
 From Thee Salvation springs.

Freely thy Love delights to save,
And ransoms without Price—
But only that which Jesus gave,
Our bleeding Sacrifice.

We own the sole-procuring Cause,
That precious Blood divine ;
May we, since Jesus dy'd for us,
May we live ever Thine !

H Y M N CLXXIX.

A Funeral Hymn.

IN this World of Sin and Sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a Care,
From Eternity we borrow,

* Hope, that can exclude Despair :
Thee, triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR !

In the Glass of Faith we see ;
O assist each faint Endeavour !
Raise our Earth-born Souls to Thee.

Place that awful Scene before us
Of the last tremendous Day,
When to Life Thou shalt restore us ;

Ling'ring Ages, haste away !
Then this vile and sinful Nature
Incorruption shall put on. †
Life renewing, glorious SAVIOUR !
Let thy gracious Will be done,

* Rom. viii. 24, 25. † 1 Cor. xv. 53.

H Y M N CLXXX.

O LORD, how great's the Favour!
 That we such Sinners poor,
 Can thro' thy Blood's sweet Savour *a*
 Approach thy Mercy's Door,
 And find an open Passage *b*
 Unto the Throne of Grace,
 There wait the welcome Message,
 That bids us go in Peace.

LORD, we are helpless Creatures,
 Full of the deepest Need,
 Throughout defil'd by Nature, *c*
 And Stupid, and inly dead : *e*
 Our Strength is perfect Weakness,
 And all we have is Sin, *f*
 Our Hearts are all Uncleannefs, *g*
 A Den of Thieves within. *b*

In this forlorn Condition,
 Who shall afford us Aid !
 Where shall we find Compassion,
 But in the Church's Head ? *i*
 JESUS, thou art all Pity,
 O take us to thine Arms, *k*
 And exercise thy Mercy,
 To save us from all Harms.

a Eph. v. 2. *b* Heb. x. 19, 20. *c* Eph. ii. 1, 2, 3.
d Job xi. 12. *e* Pl. lxxiii. 22. *f* Col. ii. 13. *g* Rom.
 vii. 18. *h* Matt. xv. 19. *i* Jer. xvii. 9. with Mark
 vii. 21, 22. *j* Eph. v. 23. *k* Deut. xxxiii. 27.
 Ps. xl. 11.

We'll never cease repeating,
Our Numberless Complaints,
But ever be intreating.

The glorious King of Saints :
'Till we attain the Image
Of Him we inly love,
And pay our grateful Homage
With all the Saints above.

Then we, with all in Glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleasing Story,
Of Jesu's Love so great :
In this blest Contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such Consolation
As none below can tell. §

H Y M N. CLXXXI.

WHAT shall we render unto Thee,
Thou glorious Lord of Life and
Teach us to bow the humble Knee, (Pow'r ?
Teach us with Thankfulness to adore,
To praise Thee as thy Saints above,
To praise Thee for thy wond'rous Love.

When like lost Sheep we wander'd wide, ||
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye ;
When borne along th' impetuous Tide,
Of this World's Sin and Vanity ;

§ 1 Cor. ii. 9. || Is. liii. 6.

Our JESUS from the Heav'ns came down
To save us by his Grace alone.

He bore our Sins upon the Tree, *a*
(To seek and save the Lost he came,) *b*
There was he bound to set us free,
From Death and everlasting Shame ;
The captive Flock from Hell was freed,
And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled. *c*

Before the Father's awful Throne,
Our merciful High-priest He stands,
And interceding for his own; *d*
The purchas'd Remnant now demands ; *e*
His Peoples everlasting Friend,
Who, loving—loves them to the End ! *f*

May we his banish'd Ones, rejoice, *g*
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take Him as our only Choice,
And cleave to Him in Love alone ;
Be growing up in Holiness,
Then meet Him in the Realms of Peace.

Then shall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away ;
No Sin, no Sorrow shall be found,
No Night o'ercloud the endless Day,
O praise Him ! All beneath, above !
O praise Him ! praise the God of Love !

a 1 Pet. ii. 24. *b* Mat. xviii. 11. *c* Mat. xx. 28.
d Rom. viii. 34. *e* John xvii. 24. *f* John xiii. 1.
g 2 Sam. xiv. 13, 24.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

*Having loved His own, Which were in the World.
He loved them unto the End. John xiii. 1.*

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend :
Whose Love is as great as his Pow'r,
And neither knows Measure nor End.
Tis JESUS the FIRST, and the LAST,
Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe Home :
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

Jonah's Prayer.

Jonah, Chapter II.

ALOUD I cry'd—Aloud I pray'd,
When in the Fish's Belly lay'd, .
And Hell's deep Gloom I saw !
The foaming Billows dash'd around,
But, Oh, more awful still I found
The Terrors of thy Law,
The Sea-weeds wrap'd about my Head,
The hoary Deep thy Wrath display'd,
And still increas'd my Fear :
Wave follow'd Wave with dreadful Noise,
And seem'd to drown my feeble Voice,
But yet my God could hear :

R

Could hear a guilty Wretch complain,
 And when I thought my Sighs were vain,
 A kind Deliv'rance send :

Tho' flying from his gracious Sight,
 I, Rebel like, defy'd his Might,
 He prov'd the SINNER'S FRIEND,

The high and lofty ONE look'd down,
 The LORD took Pity on his own,
 And deign'd my Life to save :

His injur'd Goodness took my Part,
 His Pity heal'd my broken Heart,
 His hand unlock'd my Grave.

Thanksgiving, Love, and humble Praise
 Shall fill the Remnant of my Days,
 Shall bow my grateful Knee :
 My gracious SAVIOUR, and my God,
 I'll praise Thee for thy chast'ning Rod
 Which brought me back to Thee.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

The Believer's earnest Expectation and Hope.

Phil. i. 20,

HE is a God of sov'reign Love,
 Who promis'd Heav'n to me,*
 And taught my Thoughts to soar above †
 Where happy Spirits be. §

* John xii. 26. † Col. iii. 1, 2. § Heb. xxi. 23

Prepare me, ~~Lord~~, for thy right Hand,
 Then come the joyful Day !
 Come Death, and some celestial Band, ||
 To bear my Soul away.

Then, my † Beloved, take my Soul
 Up to thy blest Abode,
 That, ‡ Face to Face, I may beho'd
 My SAVIOUR and my God.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

PSALM cxlviii.

PRAISE ye the LORD, y' immortal Choir,
 That fill the Realms above :
 Praise Him who form'd you of his Fire,
 And feeds you with his Love :
 Shine to his Praise, ye crystal Skies,
 The Floor of his Abode,
 Or veil in Shades your thousand Eyes,
 Before your brighter God.

Thou restless Globe of golden Light,
 Whose Beams create our Days,
 Join with the silver Queen of Night,
 To own your borrow'd Rays ;
 Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud,
 Thro' the etherial Blue ;

|| Luke xvi. 22. † Cant. ii. 16.

‡ Job xix. 27. 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

For when his Chariot is a Cloud, ||
 He makes his Wheels of you,
 Thunder and Hail, and Fire and Storms,
 The Troops of his Command,
 Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
 And speak his awful Hand :
 Shout to the LORD, ye surging Seas,
 In your eternal Roar ;
 Let wave to Wave resound his Praise,
 And Shore reply to Shore.
 Wave your tall Heads ye lofty Pines,
 To Him that bids you grow ;
 Sweet Clusters bend the fruitful Vines
 On ev'ry thankful Bough :
 Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,
 Ye Mortals, take the Sound :
 Echo the Glories of your King,
 Thro' all the Nations round,

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

TH^e Extent of JESU'S Love,
 What Heart can comprehend
 A * Breadth whose Distance none can prove,
 A Length without an End ;
 The first-born Seraphs try §
 The Mystery to explore ;
 Yet cannot trace it out : for why ?
 The curse they never bore.

|| Ps. civ. 3. * Eph. iii. 18, 19. § 1 Pet. i. 12.

The Grace unsearchable,
 Transcending human Thought,
 Who, who, in Earth or Heav'n can tell,
 Or find the Wonder out ?
 All the angelic Choir
 Unite to give Him Praise :
 And Saints redeeming Love admire,
 And loud Hosannas raise.
 To CHRIST we lift our Voice,
 Who have Redemption found : †
 And in his Name alone rejoice,
 Whence all our Joys abound :
 This cures the burden'd Mind,
 This calms the troubled Heart ;
 This manifests the SAVIOUR kind,
 And bids our Fears depart.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

WHEN I travail in Distress,
 Or Grief of any kind,
 Burden'd with Uneasiness,
 And Anguish on my Mind :
 One sweet Ray of Heav'nly Light
 Dispels the Clouds which intervene,
 Turns to Day the gloomy Night,
 And quite renews the Scene.
 My Complaints with Speed remove,
 My Sorrows turn to Joy.

† Eph. i. 7.

Songs of Melody and Love
 Again my Tongue employ :
 Then I find the resting Place, *
 To all the carnal World unknown, †
 There I taste the glorious Peace
 Felt by the Saints alone. §

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

PSALM xc.

O GOD our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy Blast,
 And our eternal Home.
 Before the Hills in Order stood,
 Or Earth receiv'd its Frame,
 From everlasting thou art GOD,
 To endless Years the same.
 A thousand Ages in thy Sight,
 Are as the Ev'ning gone,
 Short as the Watch that ends the Night
 Before the rising Sun.
 The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood,
 with all their Cares and Fears,
 Are carry'd downward by the Flood,
 And lost in foll'wing Years.

* Mat. xi. 28. † Prov. xiv. 10. Is. xlviii. 22.
 § John xiv. 27.

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
 Bears all its Sons away,
 They fly forgotten, as a Dream
 Dies at the op'ning Day.

O God our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come,
 Be thou our Guard while Life shall last,
 And our perpetual Home.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

The Lord hath laid on Him the Iniquity of us all.

Is. liii. 6.

ARISE my Soul ; with Wonder see,
 What Love divine for thee hath done !
 Behold thy Sorrow, Sin, and Grief,
 Are laid on God's eternal Son.

See ! from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
 Sorrow and Love flow mingling down !
 Did e'er such Love, such Sorrow meet,
 Or Thorns compose so bright a Crown !

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
 That were a Present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

H Y M N CXI.

PSALM xcvi. 2.

The Darknefs of Providence.

LORD we adore thy dark Designs,
 The deep Abyfs of Providence,
 Too deep to found with mortal Lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble Sense,
 Now thou array'ft thine awful Face ?
 In angry Frowns without a Smile ;
 Saints, thro' a Cloud believe thy Grace,
 Secure of thy Compassion still.

Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Distress
 They sail by Faith, and not by Sight : *
 Faith guides them in the Wilderness,
 Thro' all the Briars of the Night.

Dear FATHER : If thy lifted Rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still may we lean upon our God, †
 Thine Arm shall bear us safely thro'.

H Y M N CXCI.

PSALM cxiii.

YE Saints and Servants of the LORD,
 The Triumphs of his Name record,
 His sacred Name for ever blefs :
 Where'er the circling Sun displays
 His rising Beams or setting Rays,
 Due Praise to his great Name address ;

* 2 Cor. v. 7. † Cant. viii. 5.

GOD thro' the World extends his Sway,
 The Regions of eternal Day,
 But Shadows of his Glory are ;
 With Him, who Majesty excels,
 Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created Pow'r compare.

Tho' tis beneath his State to view
 In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
 Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care ;
 He takes the Needy from his Cell,
 Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
 Companion of the greatest there.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,
 And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
 Be Glory as in Ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last.

When Earth and Heav'n shall be no more.

H Y M N CXCII.

BLEST be the Father and his Love,
 To whose celestial Source we owe,
 Rivers of endless Joys above,
 And rills of Comfort here below.

Glory to Thee, great SON of GOD !
 Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
 A precious Stream of vital Blood,
 Pardon and Life for dying Sou's.

We give the Sacred SPIRIT Praise,
 Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,

Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
And into boundless Glory flow.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore,

H Y M N CXIII.

O JESU our LORD,
Thy Name be ador'd (Word,
For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy
In Spirit we trace
Thy Wonders of Grace;
And cheerfully join in a Concert of Praise.
The ANCIENT OF DAYS
His Glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing Rays.
The Trumpet of God
Is sounding aboard
The Language of Mercy, Salvation thro' Blood
Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey;
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-day.
The People who know
The SAVIOUR below,
With burning Affection, to worship him glow
Their Anguish and Smart
And Sorrows depart,
Who find his Salvation inscrib'd on their Heart.

This Blessing be mine
 Thro' Favour divine :
 But, O my REDEEMER, the Glory be thine !
 This Work is of Grace ;
 Thine, thine be the Praise :
 And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy Ways.

H Y M N CXCV.

GLORY and Honour be to Thee,
 Thou self-existing Deity ;
 Thee we revere, and Thee adore,
 In Mercy infinite, and Pow'r.
 To Thee our joyful Hearts we raise,
 To Thee, we bring our Songs of Praise,
 Whose bounteous Care and Love imparts
 Celestial Blessings to our Hearts.
 Unto the holy Triune God,
 Who hath on us, poor Worms, bestow'd
 Such Favour, such amazing Grace,
 We pay our Homage, Thanks and Praise,

H Y M N CXCV.

COME Thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise !
 FATHER all glorious
 O'er All victorious,
 Come, and reign ever us
 ANTIENT OF DAYS !

JESUS our **LORD** arise,
 Scatter our **Enemies**,
 And make them fall !
 Let thine almighty **Aid**
 Our sure defence be made—
 Our **Souls** on **Thee** be stay'd—
LORD hear our **Call** !

Come **Thou** incarnate **WORD**,
 Gird on thy mighty **Sword**—*
 Our **Pray'r** attend !
 Come ! and thy **People** bless,
 And give thy **Word** Success,
SPIRIT of **Holiness**
 On us descend !

Come **Holy COMFORTER**,
 Thy sacred **Witness** bear, ||
 In this glad **Hour** !
 Thou who **Almighty** art,
 Now rule in ev'ry **Heart**,
 And ne'er from us depart,
SPIRIT of **Pow'r** !

To the **Great ONE** in **THREE**
Eternal Praises be
 Hence—evermore !
 His sov'reign **Majesty**
 May we in **Glory** see,
 And to **Eternity**
 Love and adore,

* **Pf.** xiv. 3. || **Rom.** viii. 16.
 † **John** v. 6. latter Part.

H Y M N CXCVI.

O Thou tender, loving Jesus,
 Now thy saving Grace impart;
 From the World and Satan save us,
 Save us from the evil Heart :
 Throw thine Arms in Mercy open,
 Bid, O bid us, Jesus, come !
 Let our flinty Hearts be broken,
 Falling on the Corner-stone.
 There forever let us center,
 Steady, tho' assail'd by Sin ;
 Forward may we stoutly venture,
 'Till eternal Life we win :
 Banish every reas'ning Scruple,
 Scatter every gathering Cloud ;
 Our poor Hearts, O Jesus, sprinkle,
 Sprinkle with thy precious Blood.
 Arm us from the heav'nly Store-house,
 Still display thy Banner high,
 March victorious on before us,
 Make the World and Satan fly ;
 When thy Messenger arraigns us,
 To close up our Weary Eyes,
 In that needy Hour sustain us,
 'Till we grasp the heav'nly Prize.

H Y M N CXCVII.

Intercession of CHRIST.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seat,
 Where your Redeemer stays :

Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

Petitions now, and Praise may rise,
And Saints their off'rings bring,
The Priest with his own Sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

Jesus alone shall bear my Cries
Up to his Father's Throne :
He (dearest LORD) perfumes my Sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry Groan.

Ten thousand Praises to the King,
Hosannah in the high'st ;
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To GOD and to his CHRIST.

H Y M N CXCVIII.

Excellency of Scripture.

THIS is the Field where hidden lies
The Pearl of Price unknown ;
That Merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the Pearl his own.

Here consecrated Water flows,
To quench my Thirst of Sin ;
Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
Nor Danger dwells therein.

This is the Judge that ends the Strife,
Where Wit and Reason fail :

My Guide to everlasting Life,
Thro' all this gloomy Vale.

Oh! may thy Counsels, mighty God,
My roving Feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy Road
That leads to thy right Hand.

H Y M N CXCIX.

Self-righteousness disclaimed

'TIS not by Works of Righteousness,
Which our own Hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign Grace,
Abounding through his Son.

'Tis from the Mercy of our God,
That all our Hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water, and the Blood,
Our Souls are wash'd from Sin.

Rais'd from the Dead, and born anew;
And justify'd by Grace,
May we appear in Glory too,
And see our FATHER'S Face.

H Y M N CC.

Prayer for Holiness.

O May our Lips and Lives express,
The holy Gospel we profess;
O may our Works and Virtue shine,
To prove the Doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The Honours of our SAVIOUR GOD;
 When the Salvation reigns within,
 And Grace subdues the Pow'r of Sin.
 Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd,
 Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride;
 Whilst Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love,
 Our inward Piety approve.

H Y M N CCI.

The Day of Judgment.

LIFT your Heads, ye Friends of Jesus,
 Partners of his Patience here:
 CHRIST to all Believers precious,
 LORD of Lords shall soon appear;
 Mark the Tokens,
 Of his heav'nly Kingdom near.
 Sun and Moon are both confounded,
 Darken'd into endless Night,
 When with Angel-Hosts surrounded,
 In his FATHER'S Glory bright,
 Beams the SAVIOUR,
 Shines the everlasting Light.
 See the Stars from Heaven falling,
 Hark on Earth the doleful Cry,
 Men on Rocks and Mountains calling,
 While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
 Hide us, hide us,
 Rocks and Mountains, from his Eye.

Lo, 'tis He, our Hearts Desire,
 Come for his espous'd below !
 Come to join us with his Choir,
 Come to make our Joys o'er-flow ;
 Palms of Triumph,
 Crowns of Glory to bestow.

H Y M N CCII.

GOD'S DOMINION and DECREES.

KEEP *Silence* all created Things,
 And wait your *Maker's* Nod,
 My Soul stands *trembling* while she sings
 The *Honours* of her God.

Chain'd to his Throne. a *Volume* lies
 With all the Fates of Men,
 With every Creature's *fall* and *rise*,
 Drawn by th' *eternal* Pen.

With anxious Care let others press
 To read their *worldly* Fate,
 I only for *Affurance* with
 Of my *celestial* State.

In the "*Lamb's Book*" of *Life* and *Grace*,
 O, may I see my Name
 Recorded in some humble Place,
 Before the great—" *I AM.*"

H Y M N CCIII. Prayer to CHRIST.

JESUS, shew us thy Salvation,
 Fresh baptize us unto Thee :
 By thy mystic Incarnation,
 By thy pure Nativity :
 Save us then our New-Creator,
 Into all our Souls impart
 Thy divine and holy Nature,
 Form thyself within our Heart.
 By thy great and bitter Passion,
 By thy suff'rings on the Tree,
 Save us from the Indignation
 Due to all Mankind and me :
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
 Gasping out thy latest Breath ;
 By thy precious Death's applying,
 Save us from eternal Death.
 By the Pomp of thy ascending,
 Live we here to Heav'n restor'd ;
 Ever at thy Footstool bending,
 Ever happy in our LORD :
 Keep us by thy Intercession,
 'Till we see thy Face above,
 Where thy wonderful Salvation
 Fills the Soul with perfect Love.

H Y M N CCIV. Isaiah lv. 1.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched ,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore !

JESUS ready stands to save you.
 Full of Pity, join'd with Pow'r :
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

Come ye thirsty ; come, and welcome,
 God's *free* Bounty glorify :
 True Belief and true Repentance,
 Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,
 Without Money,
 Come to JESUS CHRIST and buy.

View Him prostrate in the Garden,
 On the Ground your *Maker* lies !
 On the bloody Tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 " *It is finish'd !*"
 Sinner, will not *this* suffice ?

Lo ! th' incarnate God ascended
 Pleads the Merit of his Blood :
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other Hope intrude :
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless Sinners good.

H Y M N CCV.

To the HOLY GHOST.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come,
 Let thy bright Beams arise ;
 Dispel the Darkness from our Minds,
 And open all our Eyes.

Revive our drooping Faith,
 Our Doubts and Fears remove,
 And kindle in our Breasts the Flames
 Of never dying Love.

Convince us of our Sin
 Then lead to JESU'S Blood;
 And to our wond'ring View reveal
 The secret Love of GOD.

Dwell therefore in our Hearts,
 Our minds from Bondage free,
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The *Father, Son and Thee.*

H Y M N CCVI.

Lam. i. 12.

ALL ye that pass by,
 To JESUS draw nigh :
 To you is it nothing that JESUS should die ?
 Your Ransom and Peace,
 Your Surety he is ;

Come, see if there ever was Sorrow like his !

For what ye have done,
 His Blood must atone ;
 The FATHER hath punish'd for you his dear
 Your Ransom, &c. &c. (Son :

The LORD, in the Day
 Of his Anger, did lay
 Our Sins on the LAMB, and he bore them
 Your Ransom, &c. &c. (away :

He answer'd for all
 Who come at his Call,
 And low at his Cross with Humility fall :
 Your Ransom, &c. &c.
 Then lift up your Eyes
 At JESUS's Cries ;
 Impassive, he suffers ! Immortal, he dies !
 Your Ransom and Peace,
 Your Surety he is ;
 Come, see if there ever was Sorrow like his !

H Y M N CCVII.

CHRIST, a sure Guide.

GUIDE me, O thou great *Jehovah*,
 Pilgrim through this barren Land,
 I am *weak* but thou art *mighty*,
 Hold me with thy powerful Hand ;
 Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal Fountain,
 Where the healing Streams do flow,
 Let the fiery, cloudy Pillar
 Lead me all my Journey through ;
 Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious Fears subside,
 Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on *Canaan's* Side :

Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

H Y M N CCVIII.

The Resurrection.

I Am *Alpha*, says the SAVIOUR ;

I *Omega* likewise am ;

I was *dead*, and *live* forever,

God Almighty and the LAMB.

In the LORD is our Perfection,

And in him our Boast we'll make :

We shall share his Resurrection,

If we of his Death partake.

Ye that die *without Repentance*,

Ye must rise when CHRIST appears,

Rise to hear your dreadful Sentence,

While the *Saints rejoice at theirs* :

You to dwell with Fiends infernal,

They with JESUS CHRIST to reign ;

They go into Life eternal,

You to everlasting Pain.

Bold Rebellion, base Backsliding,

Stop your Course, reflect with Dread ;

In destruction there's no hiding,

Death and Hell give up their Dead ;

Ev'ry Sea, and Lake, and River

Shall restore their Dead to view :

Shout for Gladness, O Believer,

CHRIST is risen, so shall You.

H Y M N CCIX. Dismissal.

LORD, dismiss us with thy Blessing :
 Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace,
 Let us each, thy Love possessing,
 Triumph in *Redeeming Grace*.

O refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this Wilderness.
Thanks we give and Adoration,
 For thy *Gospel's* joyful Sound ;
 May the Fruits of thy Salvation,
 In our *Hearts* and *Lives* abound.
 May thy Presence
 With us, evermore be found.
 So, whene'er the Signal's given,
 Us from Earth to call away,
 Borne on Angel's Wings to Heaven,
 Glad the Summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with CHRIST in endless Day.

H Y M N CCX.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the Sons of GOD, (Blood,
 They are bought with CHRIST's own
 They are ransom'd from the Grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in Eternity !
 God did love them in his SON,
 Long before the World begun ;

They the Seal of this receive,
When on JESUS they believe.
With them, &c.

They are justify'd by Grace,
They enjoy a solid Peace ;
All their Sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in GOD's great Day.
With them, &c.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
In the Works of Righteousness !
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
With them, &c.

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They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth ;
One with GOD, with JESUS one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in Eternity !

H Y M N CCXI.

JESU, my SAVIOUR, in thy Face,
The Essence lives, of ev'ry Grace ;
All Things beside, which charm the Sight,
Are Shadows tipt with Glow-worm Light.
Thy Beauty, LORD. th' enraptur'd Eye,
Which fully views it first, must die ;
Then let me die, thro' Death to know,
That Joy I seek in vain below.

P I N I S.

